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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

A Chronicle of England during the Reigns of the Tudors, from A.D. 1485 to 1559. By Charles Wriothesley, Windsor Herald. Edited from a MS. in the possession of Lieutenant-General Lord Henry H. M. Percy, K.C.B., V.C., F.R.G.S., by William Douglas Hamilton, F.S.A. Vol. I. (Printed for the Camden Society, MDCCCLXXV.)

THIS is one of the most important publications issued by the Camden Society. It is the work of one who lived through the whole of the time he has chronicled with the exception of the reign of Henry VII., the annals of which do not extend over more than six pages. The earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII. is very briefly chronicled; but from the time the author entered upon public life as Rouge Croix Pursuivant in 1524 at the early age of sixteen, the details of public events, chiefly in London but occasionally in the country, are very full. The name of the writer is wholly unknown to history, and but for a few allusions to others with whom he is connected, which occur at intervals in the diary, would never have been discovered, as the MS. from which the Chronicle is printed is not an original, but a copy in an unknown hand, of the seventeenth century. Under an entry of the year 1540, he speaks of his cousin, Mr. Thomas Wriothesley, being knighted and made secretary to the King. This was the celebrated Chancellor Wriothesley, who was so summarily got rid of by the Council in the first year of Edward VI. The minute accounts which he gives of the City and Court banquets lead to the supposition that he was a member of the College of Arms. Now Charles Wriothesley, the son of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, who had been Garter Principal King at Arms, was created Windsor Herald in 1534, and, according to Noble, lived on into the reign of Queen Elizabeth—and it is noticeable that the Chronicle terminates in the second year of Elizabeth. The Chronicle itself, being a continuation of Arnold's Chronicle, might naturally have been made by Charles Wriothesley, whose great uncle was Richard Arnold. The authorship of this Chronicle is not of much importance, though it is satisfactory to have such good evidence to settle it. The value of the Chronicle itself is very great, as it supplies a considerable number of facts which were not known before, and throws light upon dates and other points of history which were doubtful. The incidents alluded to are naturally of very small importance in themselves, but the contents are

a very useful record for reference. It has been well edited, though perhaps there is a superfluity of explanatory notes—a fault which, if it be a fault, is on the right side. And the volume has been enriched by the insertion of the *Baga de Secretis*, Pouch VIII. and IX., which appear in print for the first time, and contain probably all that will ever be known of the trial and conviction of Anne Boleyn. The Introduction also will prove valuable to readers who are not quite familiar with this period of history, though the editor has not always expressed his meaning clearly, nor again has he always been correct in his statements. Thus, when at p. xlv. he says—speaking of the funeral of Francis I.—that at the requiem mass in St. Paul's Cathedral, Bishop Ridley of Rochester “greatly commended in his sermon the said French king departed for setting forth of the Bible and New Testament in the French tongue to be read of all his subjects,” he is quoting the words of the Chronicler, and adds on his own account:—

“This commendation of our author of Francis I. for his religious enlightenment in encouraging the spread of the Scriptures, reads somewhat strange when we call to mind that it was under his government that the English translation of the Scriptures was summarily stopped at Paris in compliance with a remonstrance of the French clergy.”

It may be observed that the author gives no opinion himself, but simply states the fact of the Bishop of Rochester's commendation of Francis. Moreover, Mr. Hamilton should be more careful in assigning the sermon to its right author. It was not Ridley who pronounced the eulogy on the profligate monarch, but Holbeche, who probably was told by Somerset what to say, and then perhaps earned his immediate promotion to the richer see of Lincoln, to make room for Ridley to succeed him at Rochester.

This is an incident belonging to the reign of Edward, the greater part of which will be chronicled in the second volume, which we hope to see published for the next year's subscription to the Camden Society. It can scarcely fail to throw a little light on the scandalous transactions of the reign of Edward VI.

Sometimes, too, the editor goes beyond his province, as when he gives a very flimsy account of the versions of the English Bible *à propos* of some remarks upon the suppression of the edition printed at Paris. Neither do we think he exactly estimates Charles Wriothesley's opinions when he says that the progress of the Reformation had his sympathies. Nothing is more plain than that the author went with the King in the abolition of the Papal supremacy, but was heartily in favour of the old learning, and we may observe that this is just the state of mind one should expect from a member of the College of Arms, and a near relation of Chancellor Wriothesley, the particular friend of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. And now that we are on the ungracious task of finding fault, we may notice an instance in which the editor appears to have misunderstood the chronicler.

Under the year 1536 the author writes, p. 54:—

“This year, in August, the scisme, ceased

heere in Englande, of the diversity of preachers for the King, sent a booke of certain Articles concerning the articles of our faith and other ceremonies of the Church, the which the bishopps of this realme should cause to be declared in their dioces;”

Of course the stops are by the editor, and the sentence is quite unintelligible. It ought to have run thus:—

This year in August the schism ceased here in England of the diversity of preachers; for the King sent a book of certain articles, &c.

We have no fault to find with Mr. Hamilton for following the current of opinion which assigns January 25 as the date of Anne Boleyn's marriage, on the strength of an expression in one of Cranmer's letters, “much about S. Paul's day,” but it seems worth while to mention here that, after all, it turns out that the Roman Catholic historian, Nicholas Sanders, is right in his date when he wrote November 14, thus proving the conjecture that Henry waited till he was assured of Anne's fecundity to be utterly wrong. What Cranmer meant by S. Paul's day was the festival of S. Erkenwald, which was usually kept with great solemnity at S. Paul's Cathedral in London, and was sometimes called S. Paul's day, which was on November 14. This was the day on which the remains of the saint were, in A.D. 1148, removed from the centre of the church to the high altar, and if the marriage took place on that day nothing can be more proper than the birth of Elizabeth in the following September. We are afraid the upsetting of this story will do but little for the defence of Anne Boleyn's chastity.

As to the darker charges brought against Henry's second Queen, viz., that of poisoning his bastard son Henry, Duke of Richmond, and of contriving the death of her rival Catharine of Aragon, the evidence is far less conclusive. Our chronicler speaking of the young Duke says (p. 53):—

“It was thought that he was privily poisoned by the means of Queen Anne and her brother Lord Rochford, for he pined inwardly in his body long before he died. God knoweth the truth thereof.”

But as the death of the Duke of Richmond took place more than two months after the execution of Anne Boleyn, the suspicions commonly entertained against her can scarcely be pressed further than to show that there are many other indications to prove the dislike entertained by the nation at large for the new alliance, and the affection still entertained for the good Queen Catharine. Certainly, we are unable to see the force of the argument obscurely hinted by Mr. Hamilton, that the presence of the young Duke at the execution might possibly be accounted for by his “conviction that he was actually the victim of some insidious poison.” As regards the stress laid on the celebrated letter purporting to be written by Anne to Henry from the Tower, we quite agree with Mr. Hamilton, who follows Lingard in pronouncing it a forgery. The style of writing is such as Anne Boleyn was utterly incapable of reaching; and if she could have penned such an epistle, she would have known, at least as well as Mr. Froude, “that it was better calculated to plead her cause with posterity than with the

King." The best defence that can be set up for Anne Boleyn is Cranmer's belief in her innocence, but it is a defence which adds another blot to the infamy which attaches to the Archbishop's name. If the story that Alexander Alesse tells us of his seeing Cranmer pacing up and down Lambeth Gardens in an agony of regret or remorse on the morning of the execution be true, and if he really said she would that day be a saint in Heaven, it would be a strong testimony to the injustice of her condemnation, as Cranmer was certainly likely to know as much about the question of her guilt or innocence as anybody. But it is quite possible that the Scotchman invented the whole story to curry favour with Queen Elizabeth, at the very beginning of whose reign he narrated it. If it is false, there is an end to the argument for the Queen's innocence; but if it is true, it is plain that Cranmer believed in her innocence, and it would be a probable inference that she was innocent; but the character of the Queen would be vindicated at the expense of the Archbishop, who must then be pronounced guilty of the most dastardly cowardice in sacrificing a woman whom he knew to be innocent without a single effort to save her. The principles of the Reformation must be content to give up at least one of their two principal advocates in this reign. Mr. Hamilton has evidently a tenderness for Cranmer's character which we do not profess to share. He says: "As for Cranmer, he ought not to incur much censure, considering he acted in this matter out of motives of humanity" (p. 41). He has quoted from Cranmer's celebrated diplomatic letter of May 3, 1536, the expression that his mind was clean amazed; but he might have also quoted, in illustration of the humanity and Christian love of an Archbishop, the opinion that if she were guilty, "the more men loved the Gospel, the more they would hate her." Surely the character of Cranmer is written most legibly on the face of history. When will Protestants learn to read it aright?

We have almost confined our remarks to one part of the Chronicle, but the whole of it is nearly equally interesting—and especially we commend to our readers the account of the arrival of Anne of Cleves, and her reception by the King at Rochester. The passage from there to Greenwich and thence to Westminster is evidently described by an eye-witness.

As a further illustration of what may be gleaned from a contemporary chronicle like this, we may quote the last passage in the volume:—

"The sixth day of November (i.e. 1547) the Convocation of the Bishops began at Powles, afore whom preached the Bishop of Lincoln, who made a goodly sermon in Latin, and for Prolocutor of the Lower House for the clergy was chosen Doctor John Taylor, Dean of Lincoln, and parson of St. Peter's in Cornhill, in London."

The loss of the registers of Convocation gives a value to every passage which makes reference to its action. In the present case the chronicler has made a mistake of a day, for it was on Saturday, November 5, that they met. The fact of the new bishop of Lincoln, i.e., Holbeche, preaching the ser-

mon is, we believe, quite new. The day before the same chronicler informs us of Ridley preaching at a mass of the Holy Ghost, at which the "Gloria in Excelsis, the Creed, Sanctus, Benedictus, and the Agnus, were all sung in English." Here is another important fact which illustrates the mode in which the Reformers were content to go through a service which they considered to be little less than blasphemous as celebrated according to the ancient ritual.

NICHOLAS POCKOCK.

Westminster Drolleries, both Parts, of 1671, 1672; being a Choice Collection of Songs and Poems, sung at Court and Theatres, with Additions made by "a Person of Quality." Now first reprinted from the Original Editions. Edited, with an Introduction on the Literature of the Drolleries; a copious Appendix of Notes, etc., by J. Woodfall Ebsworth, M.A. Cantab. (Boston: R. Roberts, 1875.)

It would be a curious though perhaps an unprofitable speculation, how far the "Conservative reaction" has been reflected in our literature. In politics, grim earnestness and dry dinginess of statistics have given place, if not to a more excellent, at least to an easier way. It seems that the Palmerstonian *laissez-faire*, like Dryden's Love, will have its hour at last. Reprints are an important part of modern literature, and in them there is a perceptible relaxation of severity. Their interest is no longer mainly philological. Of late, the Restoration has been the favourite period for revival. Its dramatists are marching down upon us from Edinburgh, and the invasion is seconded by a royalist movement in Lincolnshire. A Boston publisher has begun a series of drolleries—intended, not for the general public, but for those students who can afford to pay handsomely for their predilection for the byways of letters.

The editor pleasantly illustrates the tendency to which we may owe the edition itself. He is, if not exactly a Divine-right man, a thorough Cavalier, who

"Against Sectaries a war would wage,
And choose the King, not Commons, in dissention."

He is somewhat of a *laudator temporis acti* (though his degree was taken no further back than 1864), and he has the fellow-feeling we might expect with "Lovers both of court and city." He sings a Prelude of graceful apology:—

"Who comes to this quaint hostelry need bring
No peevish visage and no railing tongue,
Grudging the merry lays that here are sung,
Hating to hear the clinking glasses ring:
Good store of viands on the board they fling,
Choice fruit and flowers in plenty grouped among,
Such as Iacchus loved when earth was young,—
Autumnal grapes, with garlands of the spring.
Come! though at times Satyrical notes may sound,
Few are the words unchaste that meet your ear;
We ask no modest maids to gather round,
Yet many a pure and loving hymn thrills here:
Scholars of life mature will haunt the ground,
And leave unscann'd whate'er would mar the cheer."

The Introduction is delightful reading, with quaint fancies here and there, as in the "imagined limbo of unfinished books." The only part which readers would willingly let die is that reflecting on certain right-

reverend fathers of the English Church. It jars unpleasantly, as an intrusion of the ordinary newspaper world into that "delightful land of Faërie." Besides, a good Cavalier should treat his bishops with respect, extending to their failings the ample forgiveness with which he mantles the errors of those "not quite heroic enough to escape the taint of their necessitous circumstances." There is truth and pathos in his excuses for the royalist versifiers who "snatched hastily, recklessly, at such pleasures as came within their reach, heedless of price or consequences." We may not admit that they were "outcasts without degradation," but we can hardly help allowing that "there is a manhood visible in their failures, a generosity in their profusion and unrest. They are not stainless, but they affect no concealment of faults. Our heart goes to the losing side, even when the loss has been in great part deserved."

There is a strain of amiable perversity in Mr. Ebsworth. He brings forward Macanlay as "counsel for the defence" in the matter of republishing the characteristic literature of a bygone day, however offensive it may be to our later morality. At the same time he holds Charles Lamb's theory that the province of the dramatist is a merely conventional world—a theory exploded by Macanlay in the very essay from which the "defence" is taken. The fact is, that in his contemplation of the follies and vices of "that very distant time" he loses all apprehension of their grosser elements, and retains only an appreciation of their wit, their elegance, and their vivacity. Without offence be it said, in Lancelot's phrase, "he does something smack, something grow to; he has a kind of taste,"—and so have we too, as we read him. These trite and ticklish themes he touches with so charming a liberality that his generous allowance is contagious. We feel in thoroughly honest company and are ready to be heartily charitable along with him. For his is no unworthy tolerance of vice, still less any desire to polish its hardness into such factitious brilliancy as glistens in Grammont. It is a manly pity for human weakness, and an unwillingness to see, much less to pry into, human depravity. "It would have been a joy for us to know that these songs were wholly unobjectionable; but he who waits to eat of fruit without a speck must go hungry through many an orchard, even past the apples of the Hesperides."

To the excellence of the overture the concert hardly corresponds. Great is the power of selection. In nothing did Scott show greater tact and insight than in his choice of scraps of old ballad for quotation by his characters. There is an instance in this volume. A long, rambling, any-metre Cavalier lilt has just six lines which are striking and spirited, and these lines are Roger Wildrake's snatch "Hey for the Cavaliers." So Mr. Ebsworth's happy gift of "leaving unscanned whate'er may mar the cheer" has rendered him insensible to much that will weigh heavily on readers less mercurial or of slower discernment than himself. They will get weary of the nymphs, kind or cruel, and of the swains, happy or despairing. To their colder judgment the survival of some of these pieces

will imply the deadness of the rest. And (as in the leading case of Lamb's "Mr. H.") the brilliancy of the prologue will have injured the piece.

And yet the little book is well worth the attention of any one desirous to have a bird's-eye view of the Restoration "Society." Its scope is far wider than its title would indicate. The "Drolleries" include not only the rollicking rouse of the staggering blades who "love their humour well, boys," the burlesque of the Olympian revels in "Hunting the Hare," the wild vagary of Tom of Bedlam, and the gibes of the Benedicks of that day against the holy estate, but lays of a delicate and airy beauty, a dirge or two of exquisite pathos, homely ditties awaking patriotic memories of the Armada and the Low Country wars, and "loyal cantons" sung to the praise and glory of King Charles. The "late and true story of a furious scold" might have enriched the budget of Autolycus, and Feste would have found here a store of "love-songs," and a few "songs of good life." The collection is of course highly miscellaneous. After the stately measure may come a jig with homely "duck and nod," or even a dissonant strain from the "riot and ill-managed merriment" of Comus,

"Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and jollity."

R. C. BROWNE.

The Lost and Hostile Gospels. An Essay.
By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.
(London: Williams & Norgate, 1874.)

MR. BARING-GOULD is well known as a writer of varied accomplishments, and he has chosen a subject that is both interesting and important. We may be, indeed, a little doubtful as to the expediency of joining together in the same volume a discussion of writings so different as the mediæval Toledoth Jeschu, which is simply a sort of scurrilous travesty of the Gospels employed by the Jews against the Christians, and (in a sense) genuine primitive works, like the Gospel according to the Hebrews, or according to the Egyptians; but perhaps it would be captious to allege this as an objection. The reason probably was simply that the author wished to produce a work of a sufficiently substantial size, and what we have rather to regret is, perhaps, that English opinion, or English publishers, do not seem to favour the issue of short monographs in a pamphlet form.

An unfortunate solecism catches the eye of the reader on his first opening the book. The first thirty-six alternate pages are headed "The Jewish Ante-Gospels," for "Anti-Gospels"—at the best a barbarous compound. The author explains that this was an oversight in the revision; but it is a question whether any expense ought not to have been incurred sooner than send out to the world anything that has so unscholarly an appearance.

It is, we are afraid, a slip of the same sort by which we find, on page 269, the marvellous compound *ἀδκατοι* (*sic*), and on page 223, Schneckenburg written twice over for Schneckenburger. We are not aware that there is any authority for the statement (p. xxi.) that Philo was born between

thirty and forty years before Christ. The date usually assigned to this Alexandrine philosopher is about B.C. 20, and it can hardly have been much earlier, as he headed an embassy of the Alexandrine Jews to Rome in A.D. 39. We must also hesitate to endorse the use of the term "Nazarene" for the Judaizing or Petrine party in the Church generally. It is more properly confined by most writers to a particular sect of the Ebionites who diverged less than their companions from the orthodox tenets.

These are minor points; but there is one more vital objection that we have to bring against Mr. Baring-Gould's procedure. He is far too sparing in his reference to the authorities for the statements made. The reader is thus left entirely at sea as to the comparative value to be attributed to them. Anyone who is at all conversant with German theology (and by far the most of the literature of the subject is German) acquires gradually a tolerably fixed estimate of the different writers, and can tell, merely by glancing at the foot of the page, what amount of weight he is to attribute to a statement in support of which their names are adduced. But in this volume the secondary authorities either are not cited, or are cited in a vague and general manner that does not admit of discrimination.

To give an example of the inconvenience that is caused by this. Among the arguments to show that the Logia of St. Matthew were originally written in Hebrew, we find it alleged (p. 165) that the phrase "that which is holy" (*τὸ ἅγιον*), in Matt. vii. 6, is a mistranslation of an Aramaic word meaning "a gold jewel for the ear, head, or neck." We turn to Meyer's Commentary and we read, not in the text but in a foot-note, "that Michaelis, Bolten, Eichhorn, Bertholdt, Kuinoel saw in *τὸ ἅγιον* a mistranslation only deserves to be noticed as a matter of history." If Mr. Baring-Gould had given us his authority, we should have known at once how to estimate it; and the misfortune is that the same kind of uncertainty follows us all through. We do not know what is new and what is old, what has been sifted and what has not, what is probable and what is merely plausible conjecture.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to mention an ingenious theory of Mr. Baring-Gould's in regard to Marcion. He thinks that the Gospel which Marcion used was an earlier edition of St. Luke, and our present Gospel a second edition, put forward by the Evangelist himself from additional materials supplied by St. John. This last suggestion is rather gratuitous; but the other portions of the theory are the more taking as there is a growing tendency among text critics to assume a double edition of the third Gospel. The extent and persistency of the omissions in a certain class of MSS. seem to be best accounted for by the hypothesis that the earliest copies of the Gospel were issued without these passages, and that they were subsequently added by the Evangelist. It is just conceivable that Marcion's Gospel might have represented this original incomplete edition. As a matter of fact, however, there is no real meeting point between the two theories. The omissions to which attention is called by text criticism are on a

very much smaller scale than the trenchant excisions of Marcion. Neither do they coincide with these even as far as they go: for, though there is no evidence in regard to Luke xxii. 43-44 or xxiii. 34, it appears that xxii. 20 and the phrase *ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρρῆσιον* in xxiv. 9, which are wanting in Marcion's usual allies, D and the old Latin, were yet contained in his Gospel. We merely note in passing that this possible combination breaks down. Mr. Baring-Gould is in no way responsible for it, except in so far as his theory might have borne a little more working out and comparison with the facts. He has seen, quite rightly, that the passages omitted by Marcion must have been by the same hand as the rest of the Gospel.

We have been really sorry to have to make complaints of what is in many respects a praiseworthy book. The author has broken up new and productive ground. He has treated his subject with much acuteness and ingenuity, and in a flexible and graceful style. To an English reader we can well believe that his work would prove stimulating and suggestive; but it lacks those essential qualities of exactness and precision without which true scientific research is impossible.

W. SANDAY.

Italian Alps: Sketches in the Mountains of Ticino, Lombardy, the Trentino, and Venetia. By Douglas W. Freshfield.
(London: Longmans & Co., 1875.)

Beauty-Spots of the Continent. By H. Baden Pritchard. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1875.)

THE two works whose titles stand together at the head of this article are signs of a growing tendency to protest against the exclusive claim of Switzerland to be the playground of Europe. No doubt, as Mr. Freshfield puts it, it is true that

"if you can put up with the crowd, there is no place where great snow-peaks are so well seen as in the Bernese Oberland; that there is no climbing which equals that to be had within twenty miles of Zermatt; that the ice scenery on Mont Blanc is unsurpassable in Europe, and the climate of the Upper Engadine is the most bracing south of the Arctic Circle."

But then there are many people who can't put up with the crowd, who object to the big hotels and big bills which are the inevitable accompaniments of a visit to Switzerland. Mr. Pritchard tells those who like wandering in beaten tracks, but in tracks not quite so beaten as those which lead over the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald, what is to be seen in such places as the Pyrenees or the Bavarian highlands. He has not got much to say, and he makes odd blunders sometimes, having moreover recourse a little too frequently to legends and tales which look as if they had previously done duty in a succession of local guide-books. But he seems to have derived pleasure from his trip, and if he can induce a good many people to follow his example, so much the better for them.

Mr. Freshfield's work is of a very different order. His object is to draw attention to a rarely visited tract of country abounding in natural beauties, stretching away from the Lago Maggiore to the Peimo and the Val di

Zoldo. He proposes to do for that country what Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill did for the region from the Schlern to the Steiner Alp.

It is hardly possible to read Mr. Freshfield's pages without comparing them with those of the authors of the *Dolomite Mountains*. Members of the Alpine Club will of course prefer Mr. Freshfield's book. He has plenty to tell of peaks and crevasses, matters about which Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill were absolutely silent. But those who belong, according to the nomenclature which Mr. Freshfield has borrowed from the Vatican, to the Subalpine class of humanity will miss that sense of the humours of the Alps which gave such a charm to the story of the wanderings among the Dolomites. No doubt Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill owed much of their power of looking behind the scenes to the fact that they were accompanied by ladies. On Mr. Freshfield's terms it is of course impossible that there should be ladies of the party. You can take your wife if you please to Pinzolo; but if you are firmly of opinion that the only feasible route from thence to Edolo is over the top of the Adamello, your domestic relations are likely to be for some time in a state of considerable tension. But the difference is mainly due to Mr. Freshfield himself. He cares a great deal for the mountains and very little for their inhabitants, who generally drop his knapsack when they come to the edge of a glacier and make straight for home. Nor does he care at all for what may be called the fun of the thing. Nobody can walk long in regions where strangers are little known without finding plenty of amusement. A priest looks in at supper time, asks to have the honour of sitting down with strangers who come from so distant a country as England, and immediately begins to enquire about the Thames Tunnel; haymakers gather round you and sigh "Miserere" when they hear of your long travel; a bustling host hurries in with a dishful of fat bacon and expects you to eat it with your fingers. Things of this sort either do not strike Mr. Freshfield, or he considers them beneath the dignity of his work.

Taking him therefore on his own ground, his book is one heartily to be recommended both to those fortunate persons who have strength and nerve enough to enjoy the glories of the high Alps, and to those who are debarred by comparative physical weakness from doing more than envy the complete mountaineer. Very few can expect—

"to walk a mile or so along a ledge no broader than the sill which runs underneath the top-story windows of a London square; with, for twice the height of St. Paul's cross above the pavement, no shelf below wide enough to arrest your fall."

But any one with moderate powers can enjoy that lovely mountain walk which leads from Caprile up the steep to Sta. Lucia, and over the wooded slopes under the towering Pelmo into the sweet Val di Zoldo, and which is described in chapter xiii. in terms which will not be thought too strong by any one who has ever looked upon the scene under favourable conditions of the atmosphere.

Mr. Freshfield has a stronger attraction to

these valleys than the mere fact of their isolation. There is a beauty in them, he holds, and he is clearly right, which is not to be found on the northern slopes of the Alps.

"After a week," he says, "of hard mountaineering at Zermatt or on the Oberland, the keen colourless air of the Riffl or Bell Alp begins to pall upon my senses; the pine-woods and chalets to remind me, against my will, of a German box of toys. I sigh for the opal-coloured waves of atmosphere which are beating up against the southern slopes of the mountains, for the soft and varied foliage, the frescoed walls and far-gleaming campaniles of Italy."

Of all the districts described by Mr. Freshfield there is none which appears so attractive as that which lies between the granite of the Adamello and Presanella on the west and the Dolomites of the Brenta on the east. Its varied beauty and grandeur will probably come to be known soon to that class of people who have found their way in the wake of Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill, and who are beginning to grumble at the now crowded inns at Cortina and Caprile, where a few years ago a traveller had the whole house at his disposal. But Mr. Freshfield need not fear the introduction of a mob of tourists. It is a long way, and is likely always to be a long way, from Pinzolo to a railway station; and, besides, the necessity of stammering some kind of Italian is a great obstacle to the multitude. It is true that a little Italian will go a long way. A traveller lately came home safely after shocking the kindly feelings of the Caprile landlady by asking mildly for "fanciullo rostito" for dinner; and a man who could ask for "fanciullo rostito" without being treated by the matrons of the village as Orpheus was treated by "the rout that made the hideous roar" would probably make his way anywhere.

It is impossible to do justice here to Mr. Freshfield's book. His is no mere guide-book, though even, regarded in that light, it is extremely valuable. He has a trained eye for the beauties of nature, and the rare power of conveying by the pen something of those impressions of grandeur and loveliness which are inexpressible by words. Making no profession to be a scientific observer, he brings down from the top of the Pelmo a confirmation of the theory of the coralline origin of Dolomite. "If," he says, "we imagine the level of the Adriatic raised a trifle of 10,000 feet, the glacier would exactly represent an atoll of the Southern Ocean."

After this he has a right to express his indignation at the remark of a scientific German that the first ascent of the Monte della Disgrazia was "wholly devoid of scientific results." Just as if, when a man has been working hard in an honest way for ten or eleven months, he had not a right to refresh himself for further labours by the enjoyment of the beauty of nature, or it may be of mere physical exertion, because he does not happen to have gone through that laborious training without which he can never be anything more than "a scientific dabbler."

It is only fair to add that Mr. Freshfield's invitation to the Italian Alps is strongly seconded by the beautiful illustrations with

which his volume is interspersed. All who mean to shoulder a knapsack this year without having absolutely settled their plans ought to lose no time in procuring this volume.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

Glimpses of the Supernatural. By the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L. (London: H. S. King & Co., 1875.)

PEOPLE whose interests are social, or literary, or political, rather than scientific, are sometimes vexed and sometimes amused by the bitterness with which men of science speak of divines. They are tempted to sneer at the pose of martyrdom which the most popular lecturers are so fond of assuming. At the worst, one thinks, science only incurs the dislike, and rouses the pulpit eloquence, of a few amiable clerical persons, with a taste for decorative ritual. The talk about priestcraft seems rococo, a memory of days when Giant Pope and Giant Presbyter were still in a lusty and morose old age. So one is inclined to think, till such a book as these *Glimpses of the Supernatural*, by the Rev. F. G. Lee, comes to prove that superstition is still alive, still cruel, that the eyes of her votaries are blinded as of yore, and that their feet would fain be swift to shed innocent blood. It would be easy, and true, to say that Mr. Lee's book is a mere farrago of unauthenticated marvels, piled together to form a buttress to the author's creed. The queer Anglican travesty of Catholic religion and Catholic rites looks none the better for these hideous fragments of savage delusions built on to it, like sculptured horrors from a Mexican teo calli let into the wall of some prim modern All Saints', or St. Gengulph's chapel.

The motive of Mr. Lee's book is to prove the existence of what he calls the Supernatural, by adducing ancient and modern instances of the marvellous. To this industry nothing comes amiss—the miracles of hagiology, the dreams of old clergymen, the ghosts of legend, or of fireside stories, the "spiritualistic manifestations" of the Homes and Marshalls—all are equally edifying in his pious hands. He renews, in short, the argument of Glanville, and of Henry More, who, in the end of the seventeenth century, combated scepticism with ghost stories, and made the drummer of Tedworth beat "the drum ecclesiastic." It is tempting, of course, to ask in this place for a definition of the Supernatural. The position of science is that "the law cannot be broken," the law of the universe that is. Mr. Lee's argument seems to be that the wonders he publishes are instances of the providential infringement of law. But this is anything but obvious, for if a ghost, for instance, as in the story given in vol. i. pp. 60-70, can be exorcised by certain prescribed rites, then a ghost is as much subject to law, as amenable to the proper remedies, as a cold in the head is. Mr. Lee appears to think that apparitions—say, for instance, the ghost of a girl mentioned in vol. i. p. 120—or instances of second sight, are "supernatural." But suppose that these stories, and all the other tales of "levitated" chairs and tables, and so on, could be

authenticated, they would only be cases of the action of rare and uninvestigated laws of nature, not of the infringement of known laws. According to the spiritualist theory certain men and women are gifted with the power of establishing a "magnetic atmosphere," of such a character that disembodied spirits can make their existence visible or audible therein. Probably nothing of the sort is true, but if true it is not supernatural. Other persons, again, are credited with a certain gift of ecstasy, in which space and time are not annihilated in their consciousness, as happens in an ordinary fainting fit; but are made curiously translucent, so that distant persons; or scenes, or events, are felt as if they were present. If these facts can be established, the result will be that science must recognise new laws, and new exceptions to known laws. She would have to recognise that the "Manes are somewhat," that a force survives the death of the body, and that it can make itself manifest to people in the body. That would be very interesting, but it would not be "supernatural." In the meantime, what does Mr. Lee do towards establishing the facts?

From a writer who quotes with approval remarks on "the unsustained dicta of Sir Charles Lyell," we have a right to expect names and dates for facts. Mr. Lee gives these only occasionally. He is "not at liberty to mention" the name of a clergyman who is "a discerner of spirits." He is not often at liberty to name his authorities, and that because they shrink from fear of ridicule. Where is the spirit of the old confessors, and how fallen is the Church, if her supporters withhold evidence of supreme importance, evidence which might help to save the souls of thousands, from fear of being laughed at! The writer of this article is in possession of a variety of facts which would gladden Mr. Lee. Ghosts and warnings are constantly reported to him, and though he does not think that they establish any view of the world, except that which regards it as a very secondate and imperfect one, he has no scruple in offering to supply the Rev. Mr. Lee with plenty of names and dates, including an account of a very odd supernatural animal, warranted to appear before the death of people in whom it is kind enough to interest itself.

It is not worth while to go through the Church miracles, such as those of the Thundering Legion, the cross seen by Constantine, and so on. If anyone is satisfied by the evidence for these, *soit*. As for the African confessors and their tongues, Mr. Lee insinuates that Mr. Twisleton only adduced one case of a patient retaining the power of speech after his tongue had been removed "with marked dexterity by the skill of an operator." Was that really all that Mr. Twisleton made out? Then there is a long story of the exorcism of a spectre, from the diary of a Mr. Ruddle, written in 1665—about which we must ask in the spirit of Toad in the Hole, "ubi est ille diary;" and why is Mr. Ruddle called also Mr. Rudal? We might probably as soon expect to be told the name of the distinguished physician in London (vol. i. p. 58), who said to Mr. Lee that he believed many

cases of epilepsy were only to be "duly and rationally accounted for by the Christian theory of possession." Christian, forsooth; as if the theory of possession were not Tongan, Fijian, Malayan, everything that there is of most savage and debased. We don't say that the theory is incorrect, we say it is primitive and savage, as well as Christian; but this affair of savagery brings us to the very worst feature of Mr. Lee's book. He recognises the historical continuity of witchcraft and its survival in the spirit rapping circles of to-day. Holding this view, he says that the penal statutes against witchcraft enacted by James I. were "sorely needed." All the innocent blood shed by the Sprengers and Mathers, all the torments by which peasant women were driven to confess, as if they had been crimes, the dreams of starved sleep, the delusions caused by narcotic drugs, do not draw from Mr. Lee a sigh of pity or of horror. He does allow that the custom of pricking was "cruel," but beyond this one admission we have observed no sign of the loathing which these clerical brutalities excite in every civilised man. Mr. Lee's work is inaccurate as well as callous, and a glance at Michelet's *La Sorcière*, or at Michelet's authorities, will show him that sorcery was not, as he says, "of course more ordinary in countries which are not Catholic," as Scotland and North America, than in France. Clerical cruelty, sacerdotal jealousy of rival magicians, is of one sort, whether it be the cruelty of priest or presbyter; but at least the Salem puritans learned to be ashamed of their butcheries. The only moral Mr. Lee draws from the 500 burnings in one year in Geneva is directed against "the slaves of Satan," that is, the victims. One can only hope that people of his peculiar school do not share, at least, this particular survival of debased fanaticism. Considered apart from doctrines, as a mere book of bogies, Mr. Lee's volumes are inferior, in our opinion, to Mr. Dale Owen's works, and to *From Matter to Spirit*, a book which no nervous person should read. A. LANG.

GIPSY FOLK TALES.

Über die Mundarten und die Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europa's. Von Dr. Franz Miklosich. Part IV. (Wien: Karl Gerold's Sohn, 1874.)

THE fourth part of Dr. Miklosich's great work on the dialects and the wanderings of the European Gipsies (see ACADEMY, No. 110) contains a number of very noteworthy Gipsy songs and stories current in Bukovina, the original texts being accompanied by an interlinear Latin translation, as well as by notes. The stories, which bear evident traces of having been subjected to a strong Slavonic influence, are in general similar to other folk-tales collected in the provinces bordering on the Lower Danube, such as the Wallachian Tales edited by the Brothers Schott, but they contain some peculiarities which render them specially interesting.

The first is the story of the Queen who is falsely accused, by a rival who supplants her, of having brought forth puppies instead of princes. In the present

version she is buried up to the waist in the ground, and condemned in that position to suckle her alleged canine progeny. Meanwhile her genuine children are slain and buried, and from their grave spring up two trees. The trees are felled, and from their wood is made a royal couch which takes to talking by night. So it is burnt, but from its ashes fly two sparks and light upon two lambs, which straightway turn to gold. The lambs are slain, and from their intestines proceed two doves, which take the form of boys, and tell the whole story to the King. The metamorphoses through which the children pass are very like those mentioned in the Egyptian tale of the "Two Brothers," in which the Bull, which had been the younger brother, is slain, and two drops of his blood turn into two trees, which take to talking and are cut down; but from them flies a splinter, which causes the birth of a boy, who eventually makes the whole matter clear.

In the second story, which is almost the same as the third of Jül's *Kalmükische Märchen*, a tale widely current in the east of Europe, some of the incidents are remarkable. When the hero, who has descended into the lower world, and has been left there by his faithless companions, saves a brood of eaglets from a dragon, he is eaten up by the hasty mother-eagle on her return. But as her eaglets weep at the sight, she spits him out again, and then renders him the good service mentioned in all versions of the tale. At the end he calls upon his treacherous comrades to join with him in shooting arrows straight up into the air by way of ordeal. His arrow strikes the ground before him, but theirs fell back upon their heads and they die. In the fourth story, which is of a somewhat similar character, the traitors are killed by the falling back of their own swords, which they are obliged to fling up on high. This species of ordeal is very curious, especially as a mention of it occurs in the great collection of stories of the Turkish races in South Siberia, edited by Radloff. The third story, that of the Deceived Dragon, is purely Indian (see Benfey's *Panchatantra* i. 506), though the form of the word signifying dragon, *zmeu* (in Russian *zmei* means a snake), shows that it has passed through a Slavonic channel.

The fifth story is a very incoherent version of a tale which in Russia is known under the title of "The Lame and Blind Heroes" (*Russian Folk-Tales*, No. 33), and which describes the ferocious conduct of a supernaturally strong princess, who is overcome, not by the prince who woos her, but by his comrade, whose feet she chops off by way of revenge. At the end she is cut into pieces, of which three heaps are made. Two of them are thrown to the dogs; of the third a woman of ordinary strength and of feminine character is created, in whom the prince finds a satisfactory consort. The sixth story is that of the hen which laid golden eggs, only that in the present version the egg is of diamond instead of gold, and it is a step-father, not a lover, who tempts the mother of the children who have eaten the hen to put them to death.

The seventh story is that of a youth who

gains the hand of a princess by pretending to guess what are certain marks she bears upon her body, he having really bribed her by means of golden pigs to let him have a sight of them. The ending is singularly extravagant, even for a Gipsy tale. The eighth is very curious, especially in its conclusion. A prince who has invested in wings obtains access by their aid to the chamber of a Sleeping Beauty, a secluded princess. Thence he carries her off to the top of a high mountain, inaccessible to ordinary mortals, where she bears him a son. One day, while he is at the foot of the mountain, one of his wings gets burnt. He is in despair, but God comes to his aid, and the mother and the child are transported with the prince to his home, the prince pledging himself to give up in return for this service that which he holds dearest. One day, in church, God, under the disguise of a beggar, demands the child. A struggle takes place, and the child is torn in half. But it is soon put together again, and all goes well.

The ninth story is that of a wise youngest brother, a sly "Boots" well fitted to deceive dull Trolls. He first saves himself and his brothers from a witch, who intends to kill them but is misled into slaying her daughters instead, and he then performs a variety of Herculean feats. A curious incident is his bathing with impunity in a bath of boiling milk, being aided by a magic horse which cools it with its breath. His master attempts to follow his example, and is straightway boiled to death. No. 10 tells how Pétri Fécfrumos (Petrus Facie Formosus) slew dragons of a thoroughly Slavonic kind, furnished with twelve and twenty-four heads apiece. No. 11 is the story of a mother who, in a forbidden or Bluebeard's chamber, finds a dragon which her son had there imprisoned, and conspires with it against her son's life. He is cut into small pieces by the conspirators; but Luna, Tetrade, and Parasevea (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) bring him back to life, performing—which is noteworthy—the double operation always required in Russian stories, involving the application of a water which animates as well as a water which heals. On coming back to life, he cuts up the dragon, and he deprives his mother of her eyes. This is all the more inconvenient for her, inasmuch as she is forced to do penance until a vast measure is filled with her tears.

No. 12 is the Indian story familiar to us as the Norse and German tale of "True and False," in which a poor man is blinded by his wealthy brother, but is enabled, by means of information conveyed by a conversation he overhears, to recover his eyesight and to attain to prosperity. No. 13 describes a petrified city, the inhabitants of which the hero all but saves by holding out several nights against many devils. But unfortunately he is too impatient, and visits prematurely the daughter of that city's ruler, so that the all but broken spell recovers its power, and the city relapses into its stony sleep. No. 14 narrates one of the many forms of the Imogen story. In it the deceived husband sets his calumniated wife afloat on the Danube; but she escapes, dresses as a man,

and after a time becomes a king. Eventually she forces her calumniator to confess his guilt, after which she has him cut to pieces. But she forgives her hasty husband, and confers on him half of her royal power. The fifteenth and last story is very like the second part of "The Water King and Vasilissa the Wise" (*Russian Folk Tales*, No. 19), which is itself very similar to the Sanskrit story of Sringabbuja. In the Gipsy tale, the escape of the youth who is eloping with a devil's daughter is due to the unfilial astuteness of the young lady. For when the devil, her father, is close at hand, and asks her how he is to cross an intervening river, she recommends him to tie a mill-stone round his neck and jump in. He does so and is drowned. Thereupon she abandons her husband for three years, by way of penance for having suffocated so near a relation.

Let us hope that Dr. Miklosich will soon favour us with the next instalment of his most interesting and most valuable work.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

The Parish Net: how it's Dragged, and what it Catches. By George C. T. Bartley, Author of "The Seven Ages of a Village Pauper." (London: Chapman & Hall, 1875.)

By "the Parish Net," Mr. Bartley means the present Poor Law system—a system which, in his opinion, converts poverty into pauperism, and, like a net, entangles hopelessly in its meshes all, be they good or bad, who may once have come within its sweep. To establish his position, he recites the fortunes and misfortunes of the Diddlego family, and shows how all the members of it arrived by widely diverse routes at the same end—the workhouse and a pauper's coffin. The story is a sad one, and, we are assured, an over-true one; it certainly contains much that is worthy of serious attention, and from one point of view is not a little alarming. But its perusal has more than once impressed upon us the truth that nothing may be more fallacious than facts, and that to cull from blue books or newspaper reports a few cases of mismanagement, or something worse, and allow the reader to suppose that in these he has enough evidence to form an opinion on the matter, is a course not likely to promote the writer's true and laudable object. The Poor Law system, like every other human institution, is very far from being perfect, and yet, either by reason or in spite of it, the number of paupers in England and Wales has been steadily decreasing, and there are other hopeful features in the present condition of things. In most unions less and less is now given in out-door relief, and the conviction is spreading that "the House test," though it presses hardly on some cases, is on the whole the fairest and most satisfactory. The rate of wages has everywhere advanced, and we cannot but think that it will combine with the spread of education to encourage more thrifty habits in the working classes, by making the attractions of the home superior to those of the House. No doubt there will always be men like Tom Diddlego, who, trained as a professional pauper, became an adept in procuring for himself all the advantages of his

profession. His marriage with a shiftless wife, his bodily injuries, his constitutional tendency to idleness, his large family—all in turn were fresh sources of profit to him, for his unscrupulous astuteness was more than a match for the penetration of a Board of Guardians. But surely every charitable institution is liable to be similarly abused, and no machinery can be devised which will in every case distinguish with unerring precision between the good and evil. We heartily support Mr. Bartley in his condemnation of mere almsgiving. We believe, with him, that it does more than ought else to destroy the spirit of independence in the recipient, and to foster in the indolent giver the delusion that his alms are charity. And, again, we thoroughly agree with him in the view that we shall never approach to completeness in our dealings with distress, until in every union there is a system of charity which shall work side by side with a system of relief. Once more, we fully sympathise with all that Mr. Bartley says upon the subject of Workhouse Schools. Here and there they may be well conducted, and the evil results of their operation be for awhile unseen, but they are utterly wrong in principle, and must prove so in practice. To use an unsavoury simile, attaching a school to a workhouse is like building a hospital over a cesspool. Union schools must be separate establishments, removed as far as possible from the walls of the workhouse and its baneful influences.

We regret that Mr. Bartley should think it needful to express in his pages such unmitigated scorn for two classes in the community (if such we may term them)—the clergy and the guardians of the poor. The former we need not defend, though we cannot help saying that Mr. Bartley must have been exceptionally unfortunate if he has not found among them the readiest supporters of the schemes of providence which he advocates. But we must take leave to express our opinion that the guardians of the poor are not the mean, ignorant, and tyrannical class which he represents them to be. We do not claim for them any special gift of insight into character, judicial faculties of the highest order, or a spirit of the purest philanthropy; but we can assure Mr. Bartley that there are Boards (other than urban and suburban) where no time and trouble are grudged by those who attend them in the discharge of duties which are often laborious and never remunerative. Mr. Bartley condemns, as we have seen, the Poor Law system; but if that be in fault, its agents are deserving of pity rather than of blame.

The object of the book is so good, and many of the suggestions it contains are so valuable, that we are sorry not to be able to give it our unreserved commendation.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

A COLLECTION of poems, bearing the title of *Dolores: and other Rhymes of the South*, and a novel from the pen of Annie Chambers Ketchum, of Dunrobin, Tennessee, authoress of *Nelly Bracken* and the translation of *Marcella: a Russian Idyll*, will be published shortly, in London and Boston simultaneously. The writer is descended from an English Cavalier family, and also from the "Devonshire martyr," John Bradford.

The History of India, as told by its own Historians: the Muhammadan Period. Posthumous Papers of the late Sir H. M. Elliot, K.C.B. Edited and Continued by Professor John Dowson, M.R.A.S., Staff College, Sandhurst. Vol. VI. (London: Trübner & Co., 1875.)

THIS newly published volume deals mainly with writers of the period of Akbar and Jahāngir, as may be inferred from the titles of many of the works which it reviews; and should be no less welcome than its predecessors to the student of Oriental history. It consists of nineteen articles, varying in length and interest, and an appendix equal in bulk to a fifth of the whole.

Of the authors brought to notice, Abūl Fadhl and Farishta will probably be the best known to the majority of civil and military readers of Persian in the present day. Indian Munshis commonly esteem the first as a master of style, whose "Insha," or collection of letters addressed to monarchs and great men, is quoted as a model of refined epistolary composition. English critics, however, are divided on his merits both in this respect and as an historian. Of the Akbarnāma, for instance, the subject of Professor Dowson's first article, the editor takes a more favourable view than Sir Henry Elliot; though, let us add, he would have hesitated to express it had he not been supported by the opinion of Mr. Blochmann, the latest translator of the *Aiyin-i-Akbar*. Apart from the question of historical use, Abūl Fadhl, like most Oriental authors of his class and surroundings, can be judged only in his native dress. The Akbarnāma can hardly be cited in evidence of his real genius. It is in his correspondence with men of exalted station that he has left his mark upon a literature rather Indo-Persian than Persian; and supplied the scribes of modern Hindustan with a stock of circumlocution for daily quotation or example. His reputation in India is somewhat analogous to that, in England, of the author of the *History of the Rebellion* and Sir Edward Hyde's letters; saying that we claim greater common-sense for our own less popular countryman. No translation, we maintain, can fitly interpret a style which owes more to the music, measure, ring or jingle of particular words than to metaphor or meaning. That this remark applies to the Akbarnāma in common with non-historical books, no further proof need be supplied than a reference to the original text of a passage taken at random in the interesting volume under review, headed "Prince Kamrān gets possession of Lahore" (pp. 10, 11). Let not the reader imagine that plain designations, such as "the Emperor Babar," and "the Emperor Humāyūn," represent in any way the literary and courtly Minister's mode of expression in talking of such illustrious potentates; and as for the three stars following the statement that "Humāyūn, in the goodness of his heart, recognised the crafty Mirza Kamrān as governor of Kābul, Kandahār and the Panjāb * * *" (pp. 10, 11), they may have been kindly meant and judiciously interposed, but they are destructive of the author's identity. Those cruel asterisks have excised some dozen lines

of orthodox redundancy, in which are half-a-dozen euphonic and laudatory couplets from Mirza Kamrān to the Emperor, testifying his *haute considération* for one who had permitted him to turn out by treachery a governor of his own imperial nomination, and substitute himself in the coveted office. We may note that Briggs makes the title "Mirza" follow the name "Kamrān," according to the approved fashion with royal princes; but the particular MS. of the Akbarnāma which we now hold available for reference does not in this respect differ from Professor Dowson's quotation.

Muhammad Kāsim Hindu Shah, better known as Farishta, is another author more of Indo-Persian than of Persian repute. He is said to have reached India in his twelfth year, and never to have returned to his native Persia. His history of Muhammadan India is a work of exceptional value, and has long been known in England through the translations of Colonel Dow (1768), Dr. Jonathan Scott (1794), and General Briggs (1829). The labours of the two first-named gentlemen were directed to the History of the Kings of Delhi (mainly but not wholly Farishta's), and that of Kulbarga, Bijapur, and Ahmadnagar; but it is by the third that the weightier task was accomplished of presenting to the English reader a History of the Muhammadan Power in India, wherein Farishta is far more thoroughly translated. Exception to completeness is to be found in the *Lives of the Saints*, which is altogether omitted; the Introduction, which is rendered in the bare abstract; and certain curtailments which, if not always unimportant, would no doubt allow of reasonable explanation. On the other hand, General Briggs has attempted to supply, from other sources, deficiencies admitted to exist in his original; and has given also

"a chronological epitome of the wars of the Portuguese in India, as connected with the history of the Dakhin, tables of comparative chronology, an alphabetical list of the proper names, titles, and oriental words, with explanations attached, an alphabetical list of names of countries, mountains, rivers, and towns; and, interspersed, several valuable notes throughout the work."

It is only fair to the memory of the distinguished translator of Farishta to recall the great loss experienced by him during the war with the Peshwa, when he was himself on duty in the field. On November 5, 1817, the Pūna residency was attacked and sacked, and the Marhatta troops set fire to the houses of the town. "My own family," he tells us in the preface to his first four-volume edition, "had the good fortune to escape with their lives; but the whole of my property of every description, including my library, together with my manuscripts, the labour of so many years, was lost or destroyed." We do not observe any notice that it was this calamity which deprived the world of an original history compiled from many sources, and has substituted for it the "small part of a mass of historical matter that can never be recovered."

Many English critics will perhaps agree with Professor Dowson that the cavillings of Von Hammer on the General's method of transliteration is "unworthy of one of the most distinguished Orientalists of the Con-

tinental." Nor would it be difficult for an average Oriental scholar and good practical colloquist of the present day to retort upon this critic's own favoured system. Why a single Arabic letter, well represented by an English "j," should be quadrupled and written "dsch," because it is so pronounced in a European language not English, may be accounted for in philology, but can scarcely be made clear to cosmopolitan practice. The International Congress, which is to meet at St. Petersburg in September 1876, should seriously try to lay down a rule for spelling Oriental names in the Roman character; and only in the event of failure in universal application, should each country concerned fall back upon a separate device.

One word more on an author who, with many others of like usefulness, has not created much stir in the outside world. The *June Army List* of 1875 is the first from which the name of John Briggs has been missing for many months and years. It must have appeared in the Indian Lists for three full quarters of a century. Death has but just removed this worthy soldier-scholar. He will be found in Murray's authorised issue for May—not under the head of "Rank, Honours, and Rewards," but in a quiet and somewhat isolated record of "General Officers of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay Armies," second in the roll of full Generals.

The contents of Mr. Dowson's sixth volume may be particularised under six heads:—

1. Histories or memoirs especially bearing on the reign of the Emperor Akbar: such as Abūl Fadhl's Akbarnāma; its completion by Shaikh Ināyat Ullah; a second Akbarnāma by Shaikh Illahdad; Shaikh Faizhi's letters to Akbar; and the personal memoirs of Asad Beg.

2. The more general history of Shaikh Abdu'l-Hakk, brought up to the forty-second year of Akbar; and the enlarged edition of the same work by Nūru'l-Hakk, father and son; the general histories of Tāhir Muhammad and Hasan bin Muhammad, the last of which is considered "a compilation of little use to the Indian historian;" and the Indian history of Farishta.

3. A mixture of personal biography and Indian history, by Abdu'l Bāki of Nahāvand; and a history of prophets, philosophers, khalifs, and kings to the fifty-first year of Akbar.

4. Two autobiographical memoirs of the Emperor Jahāngir; with a conclusion by Muhammad Hādī.

5. The Ikbālnāma-i-Jahāngirī, a history by Mu'tamad Khan of Bābar, Humāiun, Akbar and Jahāngir; and two memoirs of the reign of the last, by Kamgar Khan and an author unknown.

6. The "Sūbh-i-Sadik" of Sādik Isfahāni, stated to be a voluminous history "of high repute in Asia." It treats of various countries and kings in the reign of Shah Jahān.

Space fails to do justice to the Appendix, which contains valuable reprints and translations. We select a specimen of the book from the articles enumerated.

A pleasant little bit of sober description of Oriental ceremonies may be perused and studied with advantage by those who are about to make India the field of professional

work. It is an extract from Shaikh Faizi (p. 147) or Faizhi, called by the Emperor Akbar the "Prince of Poets," and stated by his own younger brother, the famous minister and historian Abul Fadhl, to be the author of "a Persian version of Liliwati, esteemed the best book on Indian arithmetic."* The writer is narrating to his Imperial master the particulars of an embassy with which he had been entrusted. He has pitched his tent with due regard to representative privilege, and is about to receive a distinguished visitor:—

"The tent was so arranged as to have two chambers; in the second or innermost of which the royal throne was placed, with the gold-embroidered cushion on it, over which the canopy of velvet, worked with gold, was erected. The royal sword and the dresses of honour were placed on the throne, as well as Your Majesty's letter, whilst men were standing around with folded hands. The horses also that were to be given away were standing in their proper place. Raja 'Alf Khan, accompanied by his followers and the *wakil* and magistrate of the Dakhin, approached with that respect and reverence that betokened their obedience and goodwill to Your Majesty. They dismounted some distance from the tent, and were admitted into the outer chamber. They approached respectfully, and were permitted to proceed onwards. When they entered the second chamber, and saw the royal throne at some distance from them, they saluted it, and advanced with bare feet. When they arrived at a certain distance they were directed to stand and make three salutations, which they did most respectfully, and continued standing in the place. . . . When a fitting opportunity offered, I addressed him (the chief visitor) warily, and said I could show him how he might promote his interest; but the chief part of my discourse consisted of praises and eulogiums of Your Majesty. He replied that he was a devoted servant of Your Majesty, and considered himself highly favoured that he had seen Your Majesty's goodwill and favour. I replied, 'His Majesty's kindness towards you is great; he looks upon you as a most intimate friend, and reckons you among his confidential servants; the greatest proof of which is, that he has sent a man of rank to you.' At this he bowed several times, and seemed pleased. During this time I twice made signs that I wished the audience to close; but he said, 'I am not yet satisfied with my interview, and wish to sit here till the evening.' He sat there four or five *gharis* (an hour and a half). At last the betel-leaf and scents were brought. I asked him to give them to me with his own hands. I gave him several pieces of betel with my own hands, at which he bowed several times. I then said, 'Let us repeat the prayer for the eternal life and prosperity of His Majesty,' which he did most respectfully, and the audience was broken up. He then went and stood respectfully in his place at the edge of the carpet opposite the throne. The royal horses were there. He kissed the reins, placed them on his shoulder, and saluted them. He then took his departure. My attendant counted, and found that he made altogether twenty-five *salams*. He was exceedingly happy and contented. When he first came in he said, 'If you command me I am ready to make one thousand *salams* in honour of His Majesty. I am ready to sacrifice my life for him.' I observed, 'Such conduct befits friendship and feeling such as yours; but His Majesty's orders forbid such adoration.'"

Up to the present day in Persia, notwithstanding the influence of Western diplomatic ethics, much of this kind of verbal and superficial *étiquette* is still observed

in approaching the royal presence or a royal commissioner. Here, too, the conventional social distinctions, however disregarded (according to English ideas) in confidential intercourse, are minute and strict, even to the precise place assigned to a visitor on the carpet, or to his chair if he use one. But, after all, this is mere ceremonial; less humiliating, perhaps, to the inferior personage concerned than the habitual, though unrecognised, slight practised in more highly civilised lands; and far more intelligible and capable of explanation than are the laws of a Fashion which arbitrarily exalts and abases its votaries to suit the convenience of the hour.

F. J. GOLDSMID.

NEW NOVELS.

Her Husband's Keeper. By Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel. (London: C. J. Skeet, 1875.)

Love's Victory. By B. L. Farjeon. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1875.)

First Families in the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller. (London: Routledge & Sons, 1875.)

The Wheel of Fortune. By E. A. Ryder. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1875.)

St. Simon's Niece. By Frank Lee Benedict. (London: S. Tinsley, 1875.)

Number Seventeen. By Henry Kingsley. (London: Chatto & Windus, 1875.)

Woman's Ambition. By M. L. Lyons. (London: S. Tinsley, 1875.)

ABOUT a year ago we had occasion, in reviewing Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel's last novel, to speak somewhat favourably of her as a character-monger. *Her Husband's Keeper* merits not a little praise in the same way, but it can hardly be considered an advance upon *Esther's Wooers*. There is a decided thinness about the story, and this thinness is not strengthened either by the descriptions or the dialogue, in both of which departments Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel has a great deal to learn. She has, moreover, handicapped herself heavily by adopting a most obnoxious hero. David Fletcher—"poor David," as his historian is fond of calling him—is a gentleman who, to use the words of his righteously indignant mother-in-law, "has an aptitude for lying quietly down and letting people trample upon him." As he is middle-aged, is in possession of an ample fortune, and has, when the story opens, just experienced the priceless blessing of losing an intolerable wife, this aptitude seems a little contemptible. But Margaret Bellew, the heroine, does not think so, and accepts with rapture the task of putting some heart into the limp and not lovely David. The mother-in-law, Mrs. Bellew, a toad with a precious jewel in her head, is very well drawn, and so indeed is Margaret. But we should like the latter much better if she did not inform her husband that she intended to take "a bit of lunch" with her mother. It would be very trying to the nerves of a stronger man than "poor David" to hear his wife talk of "a bit of lunch."

A certain portion of the press is of opinion, as the flyleaves of *Love's Victory* inform us, that the mantle of Dickens has fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. Farjeon. That poor mantle has been acquainted with strange pegs during the last five years. In the pre-

sent case we can, of course, easily enough see the supposed resemblance between the two writers. It consists simply in a determination, felt or affected by both, to see nothing but folly and knavery in the upper classes, and to regard virtue as the almost exclusive property of the lower middle ranks. To show this determination, Mr. Farjeon has collected a medley of characters equally remarkable for novelty and truth. The swindling banker—the profligate banker's son—the virtuous actress (Mr. Farjeon is particularly good at the virtuous actress)—point the easy moral and adorn the unvarnished tale. Then there is a mysterious American, who is (on the author's authority) tremendously sarcastic, and whom Mr. Farjeon persistently calls "the American gentleman," with what object we know not. That sarcastic age may not lack its foil of ingenuous youth, there is a virtuous and verdant Australian. The effete aristocracy of England is represented by Lord Beaumorris, who has taken his name (adding an *r*) from Thackeray, and has endeavoured to take his language from Dickens. These promising characters are combined in a story which carries out their promise most thoroughly. It is a pity that such a pretty title should have been seized by such a silly book.

We do not think that Mr. Joaquin Miller's present little book will much increase his fame among English readers. It bears a strong family likeness to *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, but cannot be compared with it in point of merit. The civilising influence is here a woman, not a child, and the interest, instead of being concentrated, is a good deal frittered away. When one has once been clearly informed that in order to be the noblest work of God it is chiefly necessary to have a good growth of hair on one's chest, to divide one's time between gold-digging and drinking poisonous whisky, and to indulge in oaths which would doubtless be blasphemous if they possessed the antecedent qualification of meaning—subsequent repetitions of the dogma lose much of their value. It is interesting to know that Mr. Miller thinks nothing of any man or woman who has not a large nose. But from the elaborate manner in which he announces the opinion it would seem that Rabelais, Erasmus and Sterne were strange to him.

There is a certain ingenuousness and absence of pretension about *The Wheel of Fortune* which makes it difficult to treat Mr. Ryder with as much sternness as perhaps he deserves. It is quite true that his banker, merchant, barrister, major, captain, and young women, speak and behave in a manner which is quite unlike that in which any possible banker, merchant, barrister, major, captain, and young women would speak and behave. And his occasional disquisitions are a little trying. But he seems to have done his best to describe what he has actually seen and observed, and that is something, if but a little something. There is one scene, however, of a lurid morality which we rather doubt his having actually seen. In this scene a general, a cabinet minister, a recorder, a marquis, one or two lights of the universities, and possibly (the author is careful not to commit himself) some clergymen in laymen's dress, play chicken-hazard

* Gladwin's *Aygin Akbari*, vol. i. p. 103. (London, 1800.)

for the usual appalling sums, with the usual ghastly coolness. It ought to be impressive, but somehow isn't.

St. Simon's Niece is a book of a very different order, and deserves to be dealt with seriously. At the outset we are introduced to the heroine, Fanny St. Simon, contemplating probable destitution on the heights of Montmartre. Soon, however, her uncle appears, having made, or being about to make, his fortune in an American mine, and a grand household in Paris is set up, lavish of expenditure, and enjoying the best society in "the Colony," as Mr. Benedict emphatically calls the American residents in Paris. Certain outlying members of this sacred band appear, and the plot thickens. It appears that Miss St. Simon has had a frantic but honourable passion for an angelically beautiful Englishman, debauched and impecunious, Talbot Castlemaine by name. He can't marry her, though by no means loth to do so, and avows his intention to catch if possible Helen Devereux, an American heiress of immense wealth. Miss Devereux, in her turn, has been in love with, and has been mysteriously separated from, a countryman, Gregory Alleyne. These promising materials are soon made "thick and slab." Castlemaine hunts Miss Devereux up in Devonshire, where she is staying with a girl-friend. He succeeds in getting the American to accept him, but unluckily at the very same moment falls in love with the friend. This awkward state of things is ingeniously got out of, and he marries the friend. Meanwhile Fanny, who has sworn vengeance on Helen Devereux, sees her way to it in attracting Alleyne, who appears on the scene, and is very speedily "hooked." But the marriage does not take place immediately, partly owing to circumstances, and partly to a diabolical desire on Fanny's part to torment her betrothed and Miss Devereux as much as possible by bringing them together. In this she succeeds admirably, but at the eleventh hour a grand smash takes place. The mine collapses, St. Simon has to quit the country, and his niece in the turmoil, and fancying that Alleyne has deserted her, gives way to her wishes, and consents to elope with Castlemaine. From this, however, a revulsion of feeling on her own part, and the good offices of a certain Roland Spencer (who plays an important minor part) save her. A railway accident and a final scene of explanation terminate the book, Castlemaine being killed, and Fanny taking to good works. This plot is powerfully worked out, and the characters support it well. It is impossible to refuse very high praise to the heroine. We think indeed that Mr. Benedict has not unfrequently sacrificed literary to dramatic effect, and that Fanny's ways and speeches are often ingeniously impossible. And we doubt the truth of the finale. A girl of Miss St. Simon's character, training, and habits is not likely to be so suddenly and effectively struck by the fear of losing her personal purity, which is the motive here alleged. But after every deduction is made, the book is one of unusual merit, and by all means to be read. The manner in which Mr. Benedict manages to get through the high-wrought passion of the final scene without any false

notes is very remarkable. By the way, it would give us the very greatest pleasure if this author would inform us what sort of being a "jabsy man" may be.

One of the hardest lessons which a reviewer of novels has to learn is—not to lose his temper with Mr. Henry Kingsley. One can easily pardon the folly of any casual person who takes it into his or her head to write a novel. But it is a little too bad when a man who can command fair scholarship, an attractive style, and enough loose wit to make the fortune of half a dozen novelists if it were concentrated, chooses to waste his powers on the preposterous extravaganzas to which Mr. Kingsley has for some years chosen to set his name. Of these performances, *Number Seventeen* is one of the worst with which we are acquainted. We have no patience with its impossible peer, its impossible lawyer, its impossible milliner, its impossible Home-office clerk, its impossible Eton boy, its impossible everybody. The impossibility of the whole thing is only equalled by the impossibility of conceiving how a man of Mr. Kingsley's powers could write such trash. But unfortunately custom has rendered even this impossibility possible.

To any brother "of the reviewing schism" who desires to signalise his powers by an imitation of Macanlay on Montgomery we can recommend *Woman's Ambition*. Being ourselves not that way inclined, we can only indicate its chief points. There is a gentleman who "never was so solemnised in his life" as when he attended a certain funeral. There is an authoress (we presume) who talks about "the other members of her tale." There is a young Englishman who accepts the post of "attaché to the Turkish Ambassador," and presses his beloved's letters to his burning forehead. It may be sufficient to dismiss the latter proceeding (and the book) in the words of Mr. Mill, "It may be a very appropriate mode of expressing one's devotion; but anyone who had appreciated its effect on the profane reader would have thought it judicious to keep it back."

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

MR. CREIGHTON'S *History of Rome* (Macmillan & Co.) reminds us once more that in the matter of historical handbooks at least we boast to be much better than our fathers. At the outset he touches the right chord by pointing out that the explanation of many important facts in modern Europe is to be sought in the story of old Rome, and he proceeds by a judicious selection of facts to bring into relief those social and political changes which are the true subjects of history. But Mr. Creighton takes care not to fall into the mistake of omitting the tales which have been enjoyed by so many generations, and in spite of his cramped space he finds room for Cincinnatus at the plough and the schoolmaster of Falerii. In his view of the Empire, Mr. Creighton leans rather more to the pessimist view than would have pleased Thierry, and he is evidently of opinion that Rome did not, any more than Sarmatia, fall "without a crime." But the benefits of the Empire are plainly, if not very enthusiastically stated.

In another edition Mr. Creighton will perhaps give us a map to illustrate the war between Caesar and Pompey. Those which he has given us are useful and commendable as much for what they do not give us as for what they do give us.

It may be pointed out, however, that the shading of No. 3 does not quite answer to the description, and that a little alteration of the black line in No. 9 would express the truth about Hannibal's wanderings in outmanoeuvring Fabius. The constant repetition of the phrases "You see," "You will see," "So you see," is probably meant as a vehicle of jam or jelly to help down the pill. But the medicine is palatable enough in itself not to stand in need of such aid, and it is likely to prove irritating to the teacher. We come to a more important matter. The story of Appius Claudius is a difficult one to tell *virginibus puerisque*. But surely some vague words might be used to convey a sense of the unutterable wrongdoing of the tyrant. Those who read for the first time that Appius "wished to have for his servant the daughter of a plebeian called Virginus," will be apt to think that Virginus was a great brute for murdering his daughter rather than let her go out to service.

MR. CURTEIS' *History of the Roman Empire from Theodosius to the Coronation of Charles the Great* (Rivingtons) is so good that we could wish it had been better. The period with which it deals is neglected in schools for want of textbooks, but is full of most important historical teaching. Mr. Curteis' little book is admirably written for teaching purposes: it is clear, definite, well-arranged and interesting. The author tells us in the preface that his "chief authorities throughout have been Gibbon and Milman." He adds rather oddly that his only "original research has been a frequent reference to Eginhard." We wish he had added Finlay and Bryce to his list of authors, and then his book would have been more accurate and more full. Mr. Curteis' only fault is that he does not know enough. He goes out of his way to make a statement about early Roman constitutional history, "long after the 'family' had expanded into the 'gens,' and the 'gens' into the 'curia,' and the 'curia' into the 'tribe,' and the 'tribe' into the 'city.'" Surely he knows that the tribe and the curia existed side by side, and that there was no expansion of one into the other. He misses many points in the changes introduced by Constantine which Finlay would have supplied; nor does he adequately appreciate the financial system of the Eastern Empire. The political significance of the Iconoclastic struggle is entirely overlooked, and the contrast of the relations between Church and State in the East and West is not brought into prominence. Of the exact meaning of the change that came over the constitutional position of Italy in 476 he does not seem to be clear, and tries to hide obscurity by using inverted commas. "Odoacer," he says, "was 'king,' and ruled Italy for fifteen years." On the next page he says rightly that the Emperor Zeno "was asked to resume the Imperial power and to name Odoacer 'patrician' and representative of the Emperor in Italy." When we go further we find the confusion becomes worse, "and Theodoric now styled himself 'King of Italy.'" Mr. Curteis quotes Mr. Freeman's "General Sketch," but has neglected to observe the caution which he there gives to the unwary:—"Though Theodoric reigned in Italy he was never called King of Italy, but only King of his own Goths." Mr. Curteis has unfortunately not got that clear view of the constitutional theory of the Roman Empire which alone can give preciseness and accuracy to any view of its history during the period of which he writes.

Polychronicon Ranulphi Higden Monachi Cestrensis: together with the English Translations of John Trevisa and of an Unknown Writer of the Fifteenth Century. Edited by the Rev. Joseph Rawson Lumby, B.D. Vol. V. (Rolls Series). In this volume Higden's amusing narrative—the favourite "History" with Englishmen in the fifteenth century—reaches to the close of the first quarter of the seventh century. As an illustration of what a Benedictine monk of the fourteenth

century, living at Chester, was able to learn and willing to believe about the past, the work has undoubtedly a certain value. In the introduction Mr. Lumby has been at considerable pains to point out the principal instances of defective knowledge or actual mis-statement, and also the sources to which Higden was indebted for his facts or fables. The evidence inclines him to conclude that his author had access to more writers than Mr. Babington supposes, in his preface to vol. i., and the list, he considers, "represents a very large field of literature for the period at which the *Polychronicon* was composed."

It is impossible, it is true, to accept the work of St. Werburg as a guide in relation to the subject on which he professes to instruct us, but the insight casually afforded into the state of learning in England at this period is sometimes of considerable value. It is of interest, for example, to note that, although Thomas Aquinas had been dead some fifty years, the influence of the schoolmen had not yet penetrated into all our English monasteries. The supremacy of St. Augustine over all other teachers whether of the Latin or Greek Church, however far it might have become acknowledged at the universities, was not yet universally recognised; otherwise we should not meet, as here (book iv. c. 18), with such warm praise of Origen, and so much concerning his life and biblical labours. *Sicuti Latini poetæ omnes Ennium*, says Higden, *sic Originem cuncti expositores sunt secuti*. He is fully aware indeed that Origen is not infallible, and even falls into occasional doctrinal error; but then, he urges, *aliquando dormitat Homerus*—already, it would seem, a hackneyed quotation. Perhaps no better insight into the sinister influences brought to bear upon theological studies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries could be gained, than by tracing the successive changes by which this Greek father came to be regarded as of no authority in the Romish Church, until in the sixteenth century we find Gascoigne, Wolsey's treasurer, taxing George Joye with reading "Arigene," "whyche was an heretike."

Mr. Lumby in no way extenuates the excessive credulity and love of the marvellous shown by his author, but when he observes that "Higden seems to be the first historian who ventured to throw discredit on Geoffrey of Monmouth's fables," he appears to forget the vigour with which William of Newbury, a century before, attacked the "ridiculous figments" of "the man named Geoffrey." If Higden, when he approaches British history, is more sober than Geoffrey of Monmouth, it seems to be chiefly because he has the sense to follow Bede and the Saxon Chronicle, though he seems to be of opinion that Marianus Scotus is as good an authority as either.

But the very defects that make the *Polychronicon* of such small value to us, were merits in an age delighting in the marvellous, and hence the popularity of the work, and John Trevisa's translation for the benefit of those who were unable to read the Latin. As a specimen of fourteenth century English prose, his version takes rank with the *Travels* of Sir John Mandeville and Wyclif's English tracts. It is probably little more than a dialect, and one, as we should be prepared to find, from the localities where the translator passed his life (as Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and "persoun" of a Gloucestershire town), less affected than others by Danish and Norman elements. Hence, when Caxton a century later undertook to print it, he speaks of having "somewhat changed the rude and old English, that is to wit, certain words which in these days be neither used nor understood." Of this singularly rapid change in our language, the second version from the Harleian MS., here given by the editors, affords a useful illustration, and the happy idea of placing it before the reader serves to render these volumes at least as valuable to the student of the history of the English tongue as to the investigator of mediæval learning. In his first preface Mr. Lumby has already pointed

out some of the peculiarities of the forms in Trevisa's version.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been fortunate in securing the services of three such men as Dr. Birch, Mr. G. Smith, and Mr. W. S. W. Vaux for its series of ancient histories from the monuments. Good and popular histories of Egypt, Assyria, and Persia are now accessible to the public in a cheap and attractive form. We need hardly say that the volumes embody the newest information obtained from the decipherment of the native records, and that, small and handy as they are, they contain much that will be of interest even to the student. A perusal of the books will show how large and important are the historical results already gained from the inscriptions, and how thoroughly they have transformed our conceptions of the ancient East. The volumes will be of special value in schools where text-books which repeat the trashy and erroneous statements of fifty years ago are too often put into the pupil's hands. The theological auspices, too, under which the volumes have been brought out will recommend them to that large class of readers to which new facts and ideas do not very readily penetrate. We understand that Mr. Smith is engaged upon a history of Babylonia supplementary to that of Assyria, and sincerely hope it will soon appear.

To turn from such books to *The Ancient World*, by J. A. G. Barton (Blackwood & Sons) is like passing from daylight into Cimmerian darkness. The author must have been a fellow-worker with Mr. Casaubon, except that what the latter would probably have regarded as mythical Mr. Barton takes for historical fact. We can only mention the book to warn our readers against it, and to trust that it will be studied by no one except the few who have made the recently revealed history of the East their special subject. To them the work may afford some amusement. Of modern discoveries—whether in Egypt, or Assyria, or elsewhere—not a word seems to have penetrated to the author's ears. The legends and fables of classical antiquity, and the fanciful combinations of men like Rollin and Bryant, are the stuff of which Mr. Barton's *Ancient World* is composed. Of "Shishak or Sesonchosis" we are told that he "is said to have conquered India," and to be considered by some "the same with Sukhya Muni, the founder of Buddhism; (by) others the same with Sesostris; and (by) others, again, the same with Bacchus." Then we have the remarkable information that of the kings of Babylon subsequent to Sardanapalus "two names only are known to us," that "the learned affect" (whatever that may mean) "that Semiramis and the goddess Shama Deir of India are one," and that "the kingdom of Argos was founded in B.C. 1856, its first king being Inachus, the son of Oceanus and Zethys" (*sic*). But it is difficult to select the plums where there are so many of them. We have seldom seen so touching an example of faith, but the book would have been obsolete seventy years ago.

Parliament and the Church of England. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday). Professor Montagu Burrows sketches out—with a view to present guidance—the relations between Church and State in the sixteenth and more especially in the seventeenth century. His view of the historical facts may be accepted as satisfactory as far as it goes. He sees clearly that the Reformation changes were the work of the King, the clergy and the laity together; that the mistake of Charles I. was the maintenance of the formal rights of his predecessors, while he abandoned their position as representatives of the nation, and that the resistance to the Laudian discipline was entirely of a conservative character. From his history of the past he deduces lessons for the future, and, anchoring the Established Church on the average conservative common sense of religious people, he proceeds to discuss the best means of bringing this common sense to bear on the questions which

may from time to time arise. Is it not, however, possible that in arbitrarily selecting the points, to which he calls attention in the past, Professor Burrows may find himself somewhat adrift in his vaticinations of the future? He forgets that this average common sense had at least some part in the disturbances which he attributes to Laud's innovations, and that the proscription of independent religious thought by the Commons in 1629 had something to do with the ceremonial revolution, which was the immediate cause of the mischief. Nobody contemplated toleration of Dissenters in 1629, any more than, as Professor Burrows holds, anybody worth mentioning contemplates disestablishment in 1875. But religious zeal, somehow or another, took paths in the seventeenth century which were altogether surprising to average common sense, and it is quite possible that difficulties may occur in the nineteenth century which are not to be met by Professor Burrows's precedents. EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. JOHN FORSTER is, we understand, engaged on a Life of Swift, and a new edition of his works.

M. FERDINAND HEILBUTH, who was announced to be in a precarious state of health, owing to the Roman malaria, has so far recovered as to be able to come to London.

A REPORT has been printed of the meeting held on the 24th ult. at Willis's Rooms by the Auxiliary Committee in aid of the Asia Minor Famine Relief Fund. The principal feature in it is a very able and complete account of the history and gravity of the calamity by Mr. Whitaker; but the other speeches, by the chairman, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Hon. T. Bruce, M.P., Sir Rutherford Alcock; Mr. Reginald Yorke, Mr. Butler Johnstone, Mr. Hanbury, members of Parliament; Lord Stanley of Alderley, and Mr. O. T. Newton, contain much interesting information on the subject. All the speakers, from different points of view, urge most strongly upon the British public the duty of helping the starving population of Asia Minor to tide over their present great necessity.

PROFESSOR KAPOUSTINE, the Director of the Juridical Lyceum of Yaroslaf, the principal institution of its kind in Russia, has arrived in London, where he proposes to make a short stay. He is a member of the Commission for the Reorganisation of the Russian Universities, but, as they are mainly copies of German models, he is not likely to find much in England which can be beneficially introduced into Russia.

M. G. PERROT is about to publish (with Messrs. Didier) a volume of *Archæological Miscellanies*.

THE collection of the letters of Louis XI. which Mlle. Dupont and M. L. Pannier were about to send to press for the French Historical Society, will be delayed in consequence of the discovery made at the Archives by M. Pannier of more than a hundred unpublished letters of the highest interest.

A MARVEL of mediæval caligraphy and writing has been recently sent to Paris by an English bookseller, who bought it for 36,000 francs, and is on the look-out for a purchaser at 42,000. It is a psalter from the monastery of St. Hubert, in Ardennes (Luxembourg), and is known as the Psalter of Louis the Good; but M. Paulin Paris, who has examined it, is inclined to believe that it belonged to his son Lothaire. It is written in gold uncial; and contains verses in honour of the King to whom it was presented. The binding is on one side of ivory admirably chiselled, on the other of wrought silver representing the King who owned the manuscript. This psalter was described by Mabillon in the seventeenth century, and since the end of last century had been considered as lost.

THE newspapers chronicle the fact that Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the Duke of Argyll and brother-in-law of an English princess, has become partner in a stockbroking firm. This is better than the aristocratic custom which prevailed in the last century of marrying "a City madam" to recruit a broken fortune. And although an exactly parallel case might be hard to find, it would be a mistake to suppose that the English nobility has always held itself aloof from every branch of commerce. The truth rather is that since the reign of Henry VII. the trading class has been largely recruited by the cadets of families which in all countries but England would be styled "noble." When the *Heralds* visited London in 1568 they recorded a Bacon as alderman, a Fairfax as citizen and grocer, an Egerton as mercer, an Okeover as merchant-tailor, and many another name of high repute is to be found in the later visitations of the City.

THE death is announced, on the 14th ult., of Mr. Samuel Gardner Drake, of Boston, at the age of seventy-seven. His two hobbies, says the *Nation*, were genealogy and the history of the Indians of New England, in relation to which he published numerous works; he was also the author of a *History of the Five Years' French and Indian War*, of the best history of Boston yet produced, and of a work entitled *Result of Researches among the British Archives*.

It is worth mentioning that Mr. Dicks's shilling edition of Pope's Works contains, beside the poetical works and translations, the poet's letters, which are peculiarly welcome in this cheap form.

A TRANSLATION by Paul Heyse of the poems of Giuseppe Giusti is attracting considerable attention in Germany. The poet whose works now appear in a German dress was born in May 1809 at Monsummano, and died at Florence of apoplexy in March 1850. It was no easy task to translate a writer who employed the dialect of the peasantry of the Apennines and of the Tuscan lowlands, and who boasted that when at work he "laid aside the dress-coat of refined society, and went about in the peasant's smock-frock." The difficulty has, however, been not only successfully but triumphantly overcome by Paul Heyse, who has contrived to retain the delicious freshness, the blended vigour and sweetness of the original, notwithstanding the absence of harmonious relations between the German and Italian languages. With regard to a deeper discord, the resolution of which is foreshadowed in such an undertaking as this translation, a German critic makes the following remarks:—

"Giusti's satire was directed against foreign domination, and especially against Austria, in a time now well-nigh past. None can blame the Italian poet because he struck the chords with an angry hand. This has essentially altered since then, and the Germanophobia of the Italians has given way to a more conciliatory spirit; they are now full of enthusiastic recognition of our successes in the field of politics and of science. It would be absurd to make it a reproach to Heyse that he has gathered us a brilliantly coloured and fragrant rose from the garden of Italian poesy together with its thorny stem."

THE German papers announce the death, at the Monastery of Beocsin, near Carlowitz, of Gritschits Milenko, the most accomplished and successful of Servian lyrists. Among the personal friends who helped to bear his coffin to the burying-ground of the monastery was the well-known Servian poet Zmaj-Jevan Jovanovits, who has recently celebrated his twenty-fifth year's jubilee of authorship.

THE next meeting of the German Anthropological Society is to be held at Munich on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August, when an important collection of prehistoric remains from all parts of Bavaria will be exhibited, and will remain open through the remainder of the month. Pains have been taken to render this exhibition as interesting and complete as possible, and measures are being taken to

arrange the objects to the best advantage in the large hall of the Odeon at Munich, which has been placed at the disposal of the managing committee.

IN the June number of *Westermann's Illustrirte deutsche Monats-Hefte*, Adolf Stahr considers the description given by Tacitus of the great Naumachia, celebrated in the presence of Claudius on Lake Fucinus, and compares it in all its details with the accounts given of the same event by Suetonius, and a century later by Dion Cassius. To the latter alone we are indebted for the sensational incident of the condemned naumachiarii, who received no merciful reply to their pathetic salutation "Ave! Imperator, morituri te salutant!" As Tacitus and Suetonius are both silent in regard to this occurrence, Dr. A. Stahr is of opinion that we must refer these highly-coloured dramatic touches in Dion's report of the naval engagement to his own imagination, or to the exaggeration of transmitted anecdotal lore, and that the "Ave! Imperator" of the despairing thousands, with the emperor's equally accredited reply "Ave! vos," must henceforth be consigned to the realm of sensational fiction. Dr. Stahr's critical analysis of the varying historical pictures that have come down to us of the reign of Claudius merits special attention from the care with which he is known to have studied the period, as all can testify who have read his history of "Agrippina the Mother of Nero."

THE archives of many old castles and mansions in Upper Austria have, according to a local journal, been ruthlessly cleared out of late years. In one case alone many hundredweight of parchments and records were sent to Trieste to be used as waste paper. A good deal of quietly rescued treasure was incorporated in the small library of the pastor of Gmunden, Koch, who, two years since, gave one of his learned friends two German parchments, fragments of an old MS. of the ancient Swabian law. These sheets were taken to Berlin, and from thence to Munich, where they fell into the hands of Professor L. Rockinger, the best authority in the present day on the subject of the ancient Swabian code. The Professor pronounced these valuable fragments to belong to the group which, unless further investigations overthrow his previous opinions, he intends choosing as the future textual groundwork of the book of Swabian law. No specimen of the group to which Pastor Koch's fragments belong has hitherto been known out of Austria.

IN a recent number of the *Wan-kuo Kung-pao* (a magazine published at Shanghai in the Chinese language), the writer of an article makes a statement which, if true, will have an important bearing on the future of the Celestial Empire. He says that Li Hung-chang, the famous Governor-General of Chihli, has memorialised the throne, asking that foreign learning and the sciences may be placed on an equal footing with the standard subjects in the literary examinations of the Empire.

THE following are among the latest items of intelligence from Japan:—A newspaper has just been started at Yedo under the title of *Eiri Shinbun* (Illustrated News). The proprietors, we are told, are actors.

A LIBRARY, containing 30,000 volumes of foreign works, has been established at Yedo by the Japanese Educational Department.

THE *Hongkong Daily Press* understands that the Chinese Government intends to introduce the quinine, gutta-percha, and india-rubber plants for cultivation in Formosa.

THE *Fortnightly Review* contains a reprint of a paper read by Mr. George Darwin before the Statistical Society, on the effects of marriages between first cousins on health and population. The greater part of it is taken up with calculations to determine by a mixture of guess and average-

taking what proportion of marriages between persons of the same name are also between relations. This is unfortunate, because though the conclusions reached on this preliminary point are as likely to be right as not, no really certain conclusions can be built upon a plausible guess, and the multiplication of figures and averages may lead the unwary to believe that they have got something more. Such figures as there are, however, decidedly fail to support the popular view that insanity, physical degeneracy, and sterility are the natural consequence of cousin marrying. In fact, the scale seems hardly to turn as much against cousins as it should, on the purely rational ground that persons of the same family are more likely in proportion than strangers to be subject to the same morbid predisposition, and are therefore less likely to correct or neutralise each other's infirmities. The reason, of course, may be that families which hold together sufficiently to favour cousin marriages are slightly above the average in forethought and other conditions of physical well-being. But it would be worth while to institute a few optional columns in the Registrar-General's returns that might in time provide enquirers with more ample data than gleanings in Burke. The "History of a Pavement," by Professor Sidney Colvin, is condensed from very interesting lectures delivered at Cambridge on the drawings, at the Fitzwilliam Museum, of the pavement at the great church of Siena, with its elaborate inlaid designs, partly in mosaic of coloured marbles, partly in a kind of intaglio, lines cut in the white marble being filled up with black cement. The work was begun in 1369, a few years after the abandonment of a still greater scheme which was to have turned the whole of the existing cathedral into the mere transept of a colossal church almost covering the cathedral square. Different artists, sculptors, painters, and wood inlayers added in turn to the designs, of which the series stops in 1488. Professor Beesly explains *à propos* of the convicted cabinet makers, the ground on which Positivists generally find their sympathies with workmen rather than with their employers in trade disputes. The test which he proposes in doubtful cases of temptation to disobey bad laws is so thoroughly in accordance with the ancient instincts or prejudices of the popular conscience, that it may perhaps give pause to the dominant utilitarian superstition: "in proportion as our action is altruistic it has the better chance of being right." A good illustration is given. The game laws are bad, but a poacher is not a martyr, because he breaks the law for his own private interest or amusement; but if the whole bench of bishops got themselves sent to gaol for poaching, by way of making the law impossible, "We might think their conduct hasty and Quixotic, but we could not refuse to honour it as altruistic, and we should have to look on them in future as more formidable antagonists."

SUCH an article as Mr. Gladstone's, "Is the Church of England worth Preserving?" in the *Contemporary Review*, might have had considerable weight on the side of reasonableness and peace if it had come at some other time and from a less fiery theological partisan. The argument is simply that the Reformers decided as many points of doctrine and ritual as they could agree upon; we agree upon, if anything, rather fewer points than they did, and it is multiplying points of disagreement without need to insist as much on points of ritual, which may mean anything or nothing as people please, as upon disputed doctrines, when even the latter could scarcely be decided without risk of schism. Mr. Greg prints the "Echo of the Antipodes" to Cassandra's vaticinations in the shape of a letter from an employer of labour in New South Wales, who states the grievances of his class with a simple good faith that makes him rather a damaging ally. Mr. Greg argues with much force that society is threatened with dangers against which

"there are obviously but two safeguards, the spread of education and of property extensively among the labouring classes; and yet when his correspondent tells him of a country where "the State is certainly doing its utmost to place within the reach of all the advantages of education," where "a very large proportion of the labouring classes are their own landlords, and many, by the aid of Building societies, have erected neat and pretty cottages, surrounded by well-cultivated gardens," where necessaries are cheap, where an ordinary labourer's wages are eight shillings for a day of eight hours, and where plenty does not result in idleness, "for most men work on their own account after hours, and will occasionally deign to do so for their employers, under the temptation of extra pay"—strange to say, Cassandra is not pleased, but, for anything that appears to the contrary, agrees with his Australian friend that it is very wrong and foolish of the men not to work after hours for their employers *without* extra pay, or at least vote taxes to assist the immigration of labourers who will. The curious and melancholy part of the whole controversy is the inability of a cultivated and benevolent writer like Mr. Greg to see that "Society" does not mean his own class; in New South Wales, as elsewhere, the interest of the few is more or less directly opposed to that of the many. The democracy controls the elections and uses its power to protect its interests, as it understands them, clumsily enough, but still, thus far, with the success above described; and Mr. Greg gives us no reason to hope that the class which is now outvoted, if allowed to govern, would make it the chief object of its care to preserve to the majority of the community all those advantages it already possesses, with the addition of political intelligence and moral refinement. Yet surely this should be the first thought of the philosophic legislator, and the rate at which the material resources of the colony are developed should surely be determined by the rate at which its population can expand without wrecking the prosperity of the masses on any of the old rocks, competition, speculation, overcrowding and pauperism. "Wind Myths," by C. Keary, contains one or two interesting points, but the writer has not gone far into the subject. The Duke of Argyll "On Animal Instinct in its Relation to the Mind of Man" describes the precocious cleverness of young water-ousels and Mergansers that he has watched, opines that the instinct of animals is mechanical in the sense that it has a purpose intended by another consciousness than theirs, and accepts the analogy that the wires of the human automata may also be pulled from above.

The *Cornhill* gives some translations of "Venetian Popular Legends" from Signor Bernoni's dialect collections, in which the most original features are the devotion to St. John the Baptist and the belief in special judgments on any sin against him, especially any love-making between god-parents, or, as they are called, *compare e comare di San Zuane*. Mr. Symonds continues his studies on the women of Greek literature. A paper on "Horace's Two Philosophies" deals with that of the Odes, a philosophy of trivial delight made innocent and irresistible by its ironical extravagance and the perfection of the verbal instrument.

Fraser has an article on "The Dalesfolk of Cumberland and Westmoreland," which reminds us that among other archaic customs that of kindling a sacred fire by the friction of two pieces of wood was preserved there till the present century; and as late as 1841, when there was an epidemic among the cattle, the old remedy of making them pass through the reek of the "need fire" was resorted to. A writer who, according to the editor, derives his information from special and trustworthy sources, begins to relate the history of the "International" with a view to obtain justice for what was reasonable and statesmanlike in its original programme.

THE fortunate purchaser of Aristotle's *Politics*, with autograph marginalia by Lord Macaulay, has contributed the notes, of which the most interesting feature is their commonplaceness, to *Macmillan*, where the Rector of Lincoln also begins "A Chapter of University History," the only one, as he complains, for which a trustworthy contemporary furnishes memorials, the age of Anthony Wood.

Temple Bar is as usual miscellaneous and fairly entertaining. A few pages on "Saying 'No'" contain a curious psychological observation which a moment's consideration will enable any one to verify—that a question which may be answered either way is instinctively answered with an affirmative turn; and when the matter demands a negative, some evasive instinct of courtesy still prompts the respondents not to say No.

M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE writes to Sylvanus Urban to say that the late Charles de Rémusat was the chief original of Balzac's Henry de Marsay, and to remind those who may have forgotten it that Thiers, old Rothschild, Lamartine, and George Sand were respectively identified with Rastignac, Baron de Neucingen, Canalis, and Claude Vignon.

WE have received *Ten Years of Gentleman Farming at Blennerhassett*, by W. Lawson, C. D. Hunter, and others, second edition (Longmans); *The Englishman's Illustrated Guide Book to the United States and Canada*, second edition (Longmans); *The Banks of Issue Question*, by Ernest Sneyd (Stanford); *Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Columbia College, 1874-5* (New York: Van Nostrand); *The Province of Psychology*, an Inaugural Address, &c., by Mr. Serjeant Cox (Longmans); *A Review of Mr. Todhunter's Essay on Elementary Geometry*, by the Rev. Joshua Jones (Longmans); *Sponsorship: Should it not be Optional rather than Compulsory?* by the Rev. H. Percy Smith (Longmans); *Labour and Capital*, by Fiat Justitia (Elliot Stock); *A Compensatory Statement of the Nature and Cost of certain Sewage Processes*, by Major-General Scott (Nissen & Arnold); *First Principles in Church and State*, by the Rev. Archer Gurney (Henry S. King & Co.); *The Great Game: a Plea for a British Imperial Policy*, by a British Subject (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.); *The Temple of Memory*, by Kenelm Henry Digby, new edition (Longmans); *The Covent Garden Magazine*, conducted by W. H. C. Nation, Nos. 1-7; *The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare*, vols. vii. and viii. (Bell); *Contributions to Natural History*, &c., by James Simson (Houlston); *Christendom and the Drink Curse*, by the Rev. Dawson Burns (Partridge); *Mademoiselle Mori*, new edition (Longmans); *The Works of Alexander Pope* (Dicks); *Academy Notes*, by Henry Blackburn (Chatto & Windus); *Great Eastern Railway Panoramic Guide* (Bemrose); *Sound*, third edition, and *Six Lectures on Light*, second edition, by John Tyndall (Longmans); *Lessons on Prescriptions and the Art of Prescribing*, by W. Handzel Griffiths (Macmillan); *The Surgeon's Pocket-Book*, by Surgeon-Major J. H. Porter (Griffin); *The Work of God in Great Britain under Messrs. Moody and Sankey*, by R. W. Clark (Low & Co.); *Common-sense Management of the Stomach*, by G. O. Drewry (King); *Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea*, by Marion Harland (Low & Co.); *Irish Riflemen in America*, by A. B. Leech (Stanford); *The Use and Abuse of Irrational Animals* (S. Tinsley); *A Plea for Mercy to Animals*, by James Macaulay (Religious Tract Society); *Handbook of the English Language*, ninth edition, by R. G. Latham (Longmans).

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

CAPTAIN BURTON left London on Monday evening to inspect the eruptions and the sulphur mines of North-east Iceland. He heads a party of savans, who have hired the steamer *Fifeshire*

for that purpose. Mrs. Burton remains in London till he returns.

FROM a note in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* we learn that M. Polyakof was deputed by the Imperial Russian Geographical Society in 1871 and 1873 to explore the region between the Arctic and Baltic seas, and that the result of his investigations, based on the similarity of the fauna and of the changes and operations which must have taken place in the glacial period, convinced him that connexion of some sort must have formerly existed between the two seas. A third journey in 1874 convinced him that the glacier system of Finland once extended far into the basin of the Volga and beyond the limits of the Waldai plateau, and that the melting of these brought the two basins into connexion, the present intervening lakes being in all probability relics of this great flood. M. Polyakof has also found the true source of the Volga, which has variously been given as the Seliger and the Volgò lake, but both of these are erroneously supposed to be the source. Above the Volgò lake lie three large lakes, and again above these lie two others called the Great and Little Werchita. These two are united in summer only, and the permanent source is situated between the two near the village of Volgò-Verchowye.

A RECENT number of the Berlin *Neuzeit* contains an interesting article by Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs on "Modern Cairo," in which he gives much curious information in regard to the origin and character of the names applied by the native populations to this and other semi-Europeanised cities of the East. To the Fellah and other native-born Egyptians the name "Cairo" is unfamiliar; with them their capital is "Masr," or "Misr"—a word which, according to the German Orientalist Dr. Wetzstein, who has supplied Dr. Rohlfs with numerous notes on the subject, is the generally accepted name of the whole country, and is identical with the "Misraim" of the Old Testament. This transference of the name of the country to its principal city is not uncommon in the geographical nomenclature of the Arabs and other ancient races, although, according to Dr. Rohlfs, the reverse of this is not unfrequent in modern times among these and other peoples. Thus, for instance, several nations at the present day designate the Turkish Empire by the name, in the vernacular, of its capital, "Stamboul," while Russia is generally known in the East as Muscu, from the name of its ancient capital, in the same way as Europeans call the States of the Berbers Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, from the names of their respective capitals. It would appear, from Dr. Wetzstein's researches, that the present Cairo occupies the site of an ancient city founded by the Ptolemies, and called by them "Hidschra-Babylon." In the year 19 of the Hegira, this city was besieged by Caliph Omar's general, Amr ibn el 'Asi, who struck his tent, "el Fostât," on the north side of the town, which soon became the centre of a large number of other tents, huts, and barracks, and in process of time acquired such extent and importance as to transfer its name to the whole city, which was then known as "el Fostât." Three hundred years later (in 339 of the Hegira), when Egypt was occupied by Gauhal, chief captain of the armies of the West African invaders of Egypt, the name el Fostât was in turn superseded by another, "el Kâhira," from which the modern designation "Cairo" has been derived. It owed its origin to the circumstances attending the siege and occupation of the city; for when Gauhal, in accordance with a treaty which he had entered into with the people, encamped his troops in the suburbs, outside the bounds of the city, their encampment of tents and barracks gradually grew into an important military settlement, and was known as "el Kâhira," the subduer or conqueror, a name which like its predecessor was gradually extended to the entire capital. To the present day the different quarters of Cairo are distin-

guished as "el Kähira," "el Fostät," and "Maar" or "Misr," and in official documents demanding accuracy of definition, the city is designated as "Kahirät Misr," Cairo in Egypt, while, as we have before observed, the lower native classes remain constant to its primitive appellation of "el Misr"—Egypt *par excellence*.

At the inauguration, on the 3rd ultimo, of the Khedive's Geographical Society at Cairo, the President, Dr. Schweinfurth, laid down a programme of what, in his opinion, should be the future work of the Society. This we condense from the report in the *Moniteur Egyptien* of the able speech he made on this occasion. The configuration of the labyrinth of valleys and of mountain chains lying on either side of Egypt must be mapped out, the lakes at the mouth of the Nile more accurately delineated, the orthography of Arabic geographical nomenclature perfected, and the details of the railways and great canals due to the initiative of the Khedive Ismaël indicated on the map. Among the regions remaining to be possessed in a scientific sense are the following:—The vast portion of Nubia extending from the bend of the Nile to the Red Sea, the land of Esbayé (partially explored by M. Linant); the desert of Libya, which, though explored last year, is thoroughly known but in part; Darfour; the countries bordering Abyssinia on the north-west; those lying athwart the middle course of the Blue Nile; the mountains of Southern Abyssinia; the land of Takkeli, south of Kordofan; and lastly, the famous sources of the Nile. Thoroughly to investigate these countries, which are under the sway of the Khedive, would be no light task, but the Geographical Society of Cairo desires, in the words of its President, to "deserve the name of an African society in every sense of the word," and will not shrink from questioning the Sphinx that still guards the mysteries of Central Africa.

The first part of Lieutenant Stumm's *Russian Campaign to Khiva* has appeared at Berlin. The work, which has been long announced, was preceded by the publication, in 1873, of a series of papers, entitled by the author *Aus Khiva*, in which he gave a brief and comprehensive summary of the results of his own observations during the campaign in which he had taken an active part. The chapters devoted to topographical and geographical descriptions will probably in the present imperfect state of our knowledge of Central Asia be regarded as the most valuable and interesting part of the work, while the author's announcement that he has carefully abstained from discussing political questions can scarcely fail to attract readers, more anxious to enlarge their information in reference to the physical character and social condition of an almost unexplored region than to speculate on its capabilities for resisting foreign aggression, or to pass in review the irresistible allurements which it may present to powerful neighbours eager for its annexation.

A pendant to Lieutenant Stumm's work is supplied by the recent appearance in Germany of a translation, by Captain Krahmer, of Colonel Wenjukow's *Russo-Asiatic Border Lands*. These two works supplement each other most completely, and together constitute a very valuable addition to our knowledge of those interesting regions which form the connecting link between Eastern and Western civilisation.

SEÑOR LUIS BARTHE, in the *Revista de España*, speaks very strongly of the present evil condition of Spanish agriculture. There are, he says, immense districts entirely desert, although, with the employment of a greater or less degree of labour, the soil is perfectly capable of cultivation.

SEÑOR ESTÉBAN HERNÁNDEZ Y FERNÁNDEZ contributes an article on Zoological Gardens to the same journal, in which he praises the Jardin des Plantes of Paris and the Zoological Gardens of London, and at the same time advocates the establishment of a similar institution at Madrid, the present Casa de Fieras being used as a founda-

tion. In speaking of the acclimatisation of useful birds, he mentions the introduction of starlings into Germany by Lenz. This bird will consume about 120 worms and snails daily. In the course of a year the single bird will have multiplied into a family of twelve members all equally insectivorous. In Gotha there are now said to be 180,000 of these farmer's friends, where before the efforts of Lenz they were entirely unknown.

At the last meeting of the French Geographical Society, M. G. Renaud read a paper on a newly-discovered gorge in Haute-Savoie, the valley of the Diosoz, which is said to excel in wild and picturesque scenery any of the most renowned gorges hitherto known.

LETTER FROM ATHENS.

Athens: June 11, 1875.

The operations of the Archaeological Society of Athens are not so universally known as their importance and interest certainly entitle them to be. The society itself consists of a few persons inflamed with enthusiastic love for Grecian antiquities, who employ their resources both of energy and money in carrying on explorations and researches which constantly lead to discoveries interesting to every student of art or literature. During the past few years this society has been exploring the outer Cerameicus in the *Hagia Triada* between the Piræus road and that of Eleusis. Here the remains of ancient Athens are buried beneath an accumulation of rubbish nearly twenty-five feet deep. To remove such a quantity of material as this represents requires both labour and capital, and the society, with very slender resources, has shown how much can be achieved by patient perseverance. It has uncovered several acres of the foundations of old houses (some floored with marble, others with mosaics), with several narrow streets, together with considerable portions of the outer wall of the city containing two important landmarks, viz., two boundary stones having on either side of them the words "Ὁπὸς Κεραυεῖον," which settle conclusively the vexed question of the topography of this part of Athens. The principal object the society had in view during the past year's exploration was the discovery of the old Dipylum gate, and their efforts have been so far successful that an open gateway has certainly been found in a large rectangular space of the N.E. portion of the ancient peribolus, which gave ingress and egress to that part of the city known to have been most commercial and busy, while on the one side there is the basement of a large rectangular tower, built, like the city wall itself, of Piræic stone, and on the other an altar with the inscription *Διὸς ἑρκείου* 'Ερμού ἀνάκτορον, and evidently of the Macedonian period. Both the tower and the altar are appropriately placed at the entrance of an important gateway. Passing inside, where the ground is hardened and worn by the footsteps of those who anciently thronged this pathway, we find the front of an important edifice entered by two large marble steps. It was built in an angle of the city wall, is twelve metres square, and contains a small inner chamber; the floor consists of large slabs of beautifully polished marble, and on the front the bases of three columns are arranged at equal distances from each other; but in the pavement itself there is a very curious deep spiral canal connected with a long conduit which leads towards the north. Can this be one of those porticoes mentioned by Pausanias? All this is doubtless very interesting, but the opinion of the best authorities is very divided upon this question of the Dipylum, and further research is necessary to determine it. Close by this spot, on the other side of the before-mentioned tower, three fragments of sepulchral pillars were found in the boundary wall. They were of fine archaic work belonging to the best period of Greek art, and seem to establish the fact that this wall was of the period of Themistocles. For Thucydides de-

clares, when speaking of the city wall (i. 93), that there were placed in the foundations stones of all kinds, and "many funeral columns" (πολλὰ στήλαι ἀπὸ σφημάτων). I wish to defer speaking further of this important exploration until I can give the complete details of what has been discovered up to the present moment.

But, beside this work in the Outer Cerameicus, the Archaeological Society has continued its labours in the Stoa of Attilus, well known as one of the most extensive ruins in all Athens. Those acquainted with this interesting site will recollect it as a long, narrow enclosure containing the foundation of several walls, and lying in the lowest neighbourhood of the city between the Agora and the Theseum, and surrounded by miserable cottages, towering above which is the nondescript kind of square tower, built out of the old slabs of marble and columns of this ancient academy. The Archaeological Society has been compelled before excavating this place to purchase all the cottages around at exorbitant prices, and they have only just now succeeded in doing this completely, which will explain the tedious manner in which the excavation of this place has hitherto been carried on. During the past year the principal efforts have been directed towards the north end of the Stoa, where there is a kind of room looking south-east. These so-called rooms are simple recesses with stone seats around them. Here it was hoped that interesting remains would be found, such as statues, &c.; nothing of great importance, however, was discovered, probably because the excavation did not go deep enough, in order not to endanger a cottage not then purchased. Still, a few not unimportant objects were turned up with inscriptions, one of which was in honour of a certain augur, Cornelius Lentios, probably Gnaeus Cornelius Lentios Gnaeus, augur and consul 14 A.C., according to the *Fasti Capitolini*, mentioned also, though not very favourably, by Seneca in his *De Beneficiis*, ii. 28, also by Suetonius (*Tiberius*, 49), and by Dion Cassius (liv. 24). A considerable portion of the old fortification wall (probably built by the Venetians of marble slabs and columns of the old building) was next removed in order to liberate the Stoa itself from foreign attachments. Some interesting objects were thus disclosed and arranged in the neighbouring court. After removing a considerable mass of rubbish, it became evident that this north end was built on precisely the same plan as the southern part, which has already been disinterred. Efforts were next made to trace the wall that surrounded the other portions of the Stoa, and to discover the large and small doors similar to those at the other end. These efforts were only partially successful, because the lower part of the wall, consisting of fine Hymettus stones, was not continued so far as the spot where the door should have been. This disappointment, however, was in a measure counterbalanced by the discovery of the great door near the 17th room, which exactly corresponded with the door on the south end, and is of the same width, viz. one and a half metres. But on the outside of one of the door-posts, and formed of the same block, there is a marble step (certainly one of a series) curiously sculptured. This is not so in that of the south end, but when the excavation is continued, as we hope it soon will be, to the Stoa of Hadrian, the destination of these steps will be clearly shown. If we look a little further to the north and a little lower, we find a wall of huge stones, which probably was connected with them, and if so show that they led to the upper part of the edifice. This remaining step is certainly well worthy of consideration as an example of variety and decoration introduced into the otherwise plain, though vast, Stoa structures. The architect Adler, of Berlin, has noticed on the outer surface of the wall of porous stones which on the south end forms the boundary of the Stoa, ten lines clearly marking steps similar to those on the north, which ascend

from below the small door facing the east; thus it is evident that a staircase was once placed here by which the people ascended to the galleries of the structure which certainly existed over the twenty-one rooms. We hope the society will soon resume its explorations in this interesting site.

The result of a single day's digging near the Ilyssus, about 100 paces from the bridge leading to the modern Greek cemetery, brought to light a slab containing a Choric inscription from the best period of Greek art. It was much mutilated, and must have been brought from elsewhere.

Last week a large pedestal was discovered just under the surface of the ground at the north-east corner of the temple of Olympian Zeus, with this inscription:—

ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
ΚΑΙΣΑΡΑ ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΝ
ΑΔΙΑΝΟΝ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΝ
ΟΛΥΜΠΙΟΝ
ΤΟΝ ΣΩΤΗΡΑ ΚΑΙ
ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΝ
ΤΗ ΚΑΛΥΔΙΟΣ ΣΙΑΙΑΝΟΣ

The temple of Sunium has also been visited by three archaeological professors, who report that they have cleared away the rubbish surrounding it. The metopes are said to be in excellent preservation, and we understand that the temple is to be restored.

The interesting excavations carried on at Tanagra are to be placed under stricter surveillance to prevent the systematic pillage of the choicest terra-cotta figures found there, as well as to check the extensive fabrication of forged specimens by which the unwary are deluded.

Last Sunday evening was the period for performing the Olympic games in the Panathenaic Stadium.

The present King of Greece some years since caused the stadium to be cleared out, and soon after, a rich gentleman named Zappa left a considerable sum of money to support an exhibition of athletic sports every four years, to represent as closely as could be the contests which took place in the glorious days of old Greece. The third of these revived Olympiads was celebrated last Sunday, and it was a strange sight to see towards five o'clock in the afternoon the whole population—men, women and children, on foot and in carriages—hurrying past the palace, over the site of the old Athenian gardens, and across the Ilyssus towards the stadium. Few more glorious sights could be witnessed than that which this place—usually so solitary and silent—presented when filled with eager crowds last Sunday evening. The long horseshoe-shaped hollow, partly natural, partly artificial, at the foot of Hymettus, with its interminable rows of seats sweeping round the vast extent, and capable of accommodating all Athens, looked brilliant and gay indeed with forty thousand patient sitters, and at the first glance at the old place peopled with this vast crowd there was something that recalled its ancient glory. It was simply splendid. When, however, we have said this there is not much to add. The Greeks of to-day are not an athletic people. The young Greek values his French attire and manners, his easy saunter and quiet gossip, far more than anything to be gained by severe bodily exertion, and the time has gone by when the laurel crown possesses any charm for him, for the only gymnasium in which he cares to exercise his energies is the school where he acquires that educational varnish which will enable him to eschew manual labour, or the mart where he can develop to the utmost that finesse and cunning that frequently lead to fortune.

The exhibition of last Sunday is proudly designated by the Greek newspapers as the "Third Olympiad." According to all accounts the first Olympiad was extremely ridiculous, the second after four years was but little better, and this third not anything to boast of. To one accustomed to the athletic sports of a good English school the

whole affair appeared childish enough, but from the excited applause at every feat it was evident that the spectators regarded the affair as a perfect success. About twenty athletes contested. There were foot races, throwing the discus, jumping with the pole, hurling the javelin, climbing, &c., but neither wrestling nor boxing. None of the old forms, ceremonies, or costumes were observed. The King and Queen were not present, and the wreaths were distributed by a venerable old gentleman. To say that stout old ladies and gentlemen leisurely promenaded the arena during all the excitement of the foot race, and compelled the racers to wind in and out to avoid knocking them over, that dogs were roaming about just as they pleased and getting in everybody's way, that the poles of the jumpers often stuck in the ground, and required the dead weight of the owners to carry them over, that the javelins never went near the target unless the thrower ran almost close to it, and that the discus instead of being metal was simply a wooden platter with which the dogs often ran off—would be but saying little, for the whole affair was most ridiculously absurd as being supposed to resemble in the faintest degree the glorious contests of ancient Greece. The only feat at all "worthy of speech" was that of climbing the pole, and two fellows certainly achieved that in rather fine style. But notwithstanding all its shortcomings we must hail with gratitude anything which every four years brings the whole population of Athens to people the long-deserted seats of its magnificent Stadium. H. T. SCOTT.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE NAMES BAIGORRY AND BAYONNE.

London: June, 1875.

The ancient cartularies are by no means to be trusted in the matter of Basque etymology. Bigur, Beygur, Baigur, Baiguier, Baiguer, Bayguerr, Beygorri, Vaygurra, and Bayguer, cited successively by M. Raymone in his *Dictionnaire Topographique des Basses-Pyrénées*, and even the name Baigorri, written thus after the French fashion, instead of

Baigorri, are not Basque, and are not cited as such a bit more than the names Tardets, Tardetz, Tardetz, Tarzedz, Tardix, are given as Basque words by the same writer, who cites Atharata as the only name belonging to this language. The word Baigorri alone is Basque, and the other ten can only be considered as corruptions due to the influence of the language in which the cartularies are drawn up. Baigorri is explained perfectly well by *ibai gorri* ("red river"), a term well suited to that part of the stream of the Nive which passes close to Baigorri, and which there appears more or less reddish, as being affected by the oxide of iron in the neighbourhood, especially that which comes from the works at Banca. The names, therefore, of Basque localities as given in the ancient cartularies can only mislead the scholar who carelessly trusts to them.

It may be observed on this head that the dialect "bas-navarrais occidental," to which the sub-dialect and variety of Baigorri belong, has a tendency to suppress the initial consonant of many words when it forms a syllable by itself. Thus we find in this dialect—*maste* for *emaste*, "woman," *ikusi* for *ihusi*, "seen." *Ibai gorri* then appears to me the only trustworthy etymology of the name Baigorri. As to the derivation of the name of Bayonne from *ibai ona*, "the good river," rather than from *bai ona*, "the good bay," "the good port," it seems to me very possible but not certain. L.-L. BONAPARTE.

"JEFWELLIS."

St. Paul's Road, N.W.: July 6, 1875.

A note on this unusual, perhaps unique, word (or form) may be interesting to some of the readers of the ACADEMY, and may draw out further information about it from students of Old English or Scottish literature.

It occurs in a passage of Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, book i. (vol. i. p. 82, Laing's edition). The King, James V., pestered by the importunities of Cardinal Beaton and the prelates who were spurring him to action against the heretical nobles, took the advice of Kirkaldy of Grange, and gave them dismissal with the hearty words—"Pack, you jefwellis! Get ye to your charges and reform your own lives: be not instruments of discord betwixt my nobility and me," &c.

Mr. Laing states in a note that in one manuscript of the work the form "josrellis" occurs, in another "jefells," and in a third the word "Jesuits." (How could this term get in? The Society of Jesus had only received confirmation from Pope Paul III. in 1540, one year before the incident recorded took place. Is the explanation to be sought in the questionable authorship and date of portions of the history? or in late alterations of the genuine text?) "Josrellis" is perhaps a clerical error; a confusion of "f" and "s" in the first syllable. The remaining two forms, "jefwellis" and "jefells," are substantially the same. What, then, is the meaning, and what the pedigree, of the word?

Jamieson (*Scottish Dictionary*) gives "Jewel, jefwell, javell, a contemptuous term, meaning unknown." This does not help us much. He gives also a noun "jefel, jefell, the dashing of water" (a Lanarkshire word); "to jefel, to joggle, or spill a large quantity of a liquid at once" (Angus dialect); "to jefel, to move obliquely" (the Lothians); "jeve, a shove with the elbow;" and "to jeve, to push hither and thither" (Fife-shire). Spenser uses once at least the word "javels," pronounced so as to rhyme with "travels." In "Mother Hubbard's Tale," published in 1591 (Globe edition, p. 516, col. 2), occur these lines:—

"Now, whenas Time flying with wings swift
Expired had the terme that these two javels
Should render up a reckoning of their travels
Unto their master. . ."

The explanation of "javel" in the Glossary is "worthless wretch." The word is given in Halli-

well and Wright's edition of *Nares's Glossary*, and with the like explanation, "worthless fellow." The passage in "Mother Hubbard's Tale" is quoted; and also passages from Warner's little known poem, "Albion's England" (1586), and Robinson's translation of *Utopia* (1551). From the former (book viii. c. 39) the lines—

"To preach by halves is to be worse
Than those tongue-holly javeles,
That cite good words but shift off works
And discipline by cavells."

From the latter,—"He called the fellow ribald, villain, javell, backbiter," &c.

The sense of the term is thus pretty clearly determined. But whence comes it? Nares (or his recent editors) identifies "javel" with the French "javelle." If this is the true account, its history is certainly one of the curiosities of philology. Littré, *sub voce* "javelle," gives the following meanings: 1, a sheaf of corn, lying loosely on the ground; 2, a bundle of vine branches; 3, a cluster of props or laths; and 4, the parts of a barrel fallen to pieces. He gives no derivative moral meaning. The word is traced back through various forms (Burgundian *javelle*, Picard *gavelle*, Portuguese and Italian *gavella*) by the aid of Grimm's Law, and on the authority of Diez, to the Latin *capella*, a handful, *capulus*, a handle, and thence to their root, *capi*, take, lay hold of. The steps of the metamorphosis, from the root downward, would thus be—*capi*, *capella*, *gavelle*, *javelle*, *jefwelli*, *jefel*, *javel*. I hope that some scholar may be able to throw light on the "strange eventful history," confirming or correcting; and showing at what stage of its progress the word took up its moral meaning.

WILLIAM L. R. CATES.

THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY AND DR. WHITLEY STOKES.

Trinity College, Dublin: June 28, 1875.

The notice which appeared in the last number of the ACADEMY respecting the proceedings in the Royal Irish Academy in reference to their lithograph of the MS. called the *Leabhar na h-Uidhri*, was incorrect in several respects, but it is not my wish to amend it, as I have no authority from the Council to do so. As the notice, however, seemed to take as the staple of its argument the assumption that the Academy committee were fallible, and Dr. Whitley Stokes infallible, in the matter of the transcript of a MS., I shall be glad if you will permit me to direct attention to a striking instance of the fallibility of Stokes himself, who, I am quite sure, will not be sorry to see his oversight corrected.

In the *Grammatica Celtica* (second edition), Ebel had given, with a "*fortasse*," the form *as-ri-riu*, as the one example of a reduplicated future, 1st sg. To this example, Stokes, in Kuhn's *Beiträge*, vii. p. 16, adds another, from the *Leabhar na h-Uidhri* (without quoting the page), viz. "*ni ibiu*," "I will not drink," explaining *ibiu* as standing for "*pibiu*." If, then, this be a reduplicated future, the present ought not to have the reduplicated syllable; thus he gives immediately after, *no-gigius*, "rogabo," from *ges*, "rogo," and so we should have some form beginning with *b* for the present tense. But the present is *ib*, *Gram. Celt.*, p. 430.

If, now, *ib* be the root, then *ib-in*, as 1st sg., would be one of the *ja* verbs, i.e. would belong to the third series (iii.) of the *Gram. Celt.* But it is not a *ja* verb; it is an *a* verb, and belongs to the first series (i.). As such it will be found in the list of that series, p. 430, *ni ib*, "non bibit."

That would seem a difficulty. Now, on p. 33 of the *Beiträge*, vol. vii., Stokes repeats the passage, this time quoting so much of it (though still without giving the page) that the *locus* is determined to be on p. 22, line 31. And there the MS. has not "*ibiu*." As the MS. stands the passage runs thus:—"ni praindigiubsa ocus ni ib ni conerbara frim olse mo mâtair ocus mathair," i.e. "I will not

eat, and I will not drink anything, till you tell me, says he" [not "says she," as Stokes unaccountably gives], "my mother and my father." This *ni ib ni*, "I will not drink anything," is quite plain in the MS. I do not know whether Stokes has noted any other instance of its occurring in the form in which he always quotes this word, viz. *ibiu*: I have not seen any.

At any rate, the *ibiu*, in this passage, is a mere figment; I only regret that it has gone into the *Gram. Celt.*, for Ebel has put it in the addenda, p. 1091, on Stokes' authority, which is valuable, but not infallible. ROBERT ATKINSON.

"HISTORIC AND MONUMENTAL ROME."

Albano, near Rome: June 30.

Not (I trust) in a spirit of egotism, but with the desire to bear my testimony to what I believe is historic truth, do I request the favour of referring, through your pages, to a notice of my volume, *Historic and Monumental Rome*, in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, June 19. Therein occurs this passage: "His way of speaking of early Roman history, which he apparently accepts entire as found in Livy, including the reigns of the seven kings, does not inspire confidence in his judgment," &c. The fact is that I have been led to conclusions respecting that history, and the trustworthiness of Livy in his treatment of it, quite the opposite to those here imputed to me. In the chapter of my work, "Sources of Early Roman History," I must indeed have failed to express myself clearly, if it prove possible to discover in what I have written the sense here assigned to my words. My aim, it is true, was rather to analyse the theories of others, from Niebuhr to living historians, Cesare Cantù among them, than to dwell upon my own views as to the controverted points; but so far as personal convictions are dwelt upon, I have declared myself with Niebuhr, Arnold, Ampère, not certainly with their opponents in the historic arena. Recent discoveries at Rome have not shaken those convictions. The immense disproportion between the supposable wants and means of an infant state or city, and such works as the Cloaca Maxima, such buildings as the Mamertine Prisons (especially in their extent as recently made known through the energetic and successful efforts of Mr. J. H. Parker) always seemed to me an argument against the traditions accepted so long from Livy and other ancient writers. My reviewer in the *Saturday* has utterly misunderstood me in this reference—the acceptance, namely, of the Latin historian's testimony. Not the less do I wish to take the opportunity of expressing genuine gratitude to him for praise that encourages, and for mildly dealt censure, which I shall remember, hoping to profit by it, acquiescing in its general justice.

C. I. HEMANS.

SCIENCE.

Evolution and the Origin of Life. By H. Charlton Bastian, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.) (Second Notice.)

SINCE the publication of these observations the field of controversy may be said to have been transferred from this country into Germany. The "turnip-cheese experiment" has been subjected to critical examination under the direction of such men as Pflüger of Bonn, and Hoppe-Seyler of Strassburg, and under circumstances more favourable to exactitude than those which exist in England; for in Germany a purely physical question is regarded without the slightest reference to its bearing on philosophical or theological speculations. The subject was

first taken up on the side of Abiogenesis (as German biologists, following Huxley, have lately called it), by Professor Huizinga of Groningen, in Holland. Huizinga, having repeated and confirmed the turnip-cheese experiment, was, however, dissatisfied with it as a proof of spontaneous generation on the ground of the chemical indefiniteness of the ingredients used in preparing the turnip-cheese liquid. He therefore sought to strengthen the proof by eliminating this source of uncertainty, and with this view substituted compounds of known chemical composition for Dr. Bastian's cheese and turnip. The place of the cheese was taken by peptone (the soluble body into which albuminous substances are transferred when they are subjected to gastric digestion), and that of the saccharine constituents of turnip juice by grape sugar—such alkaline and earthy salts being added as are known by experiment to be required for the maintenance of bacterial life. Further, the experiments were made in flasks which were closed immediately on the cessation of ebullition, not by sealing them hermetically, but by cementing to their mouths thin unglazed disks of porous tile. Each flask having been prepared by smearing the ground edge of its mouth with asphalt, the liquid was introduced, and kept boiling for ten minutes as before. As the ebullition was going on, the tile disk was heated to redness so as completely to destroy any trace of organic matter which might be adherent to it, and applied while still hot to the asphalt surface, to which, the moment that ebullition ceased, it firmly adhered. In this way a second objection to which Huizinga thought Dr. Bastian's method subject was got rid of, viz., that when his experimental vessels are sealed hermetically, the access of air is insufficient. When a septum of porous tile is used, air can enter freely, although "germs" (as Huizinga proved by check experiments, in which he designedly exposed flasks protected by the tile disks, to contamination) are effectually excluded.

The experiment of Huizinga was, almost immediately after its publication, repeated by the writer of this article, with the same modifications that he had before applied to that of Dr. Bastian, i.e., increase of temperature and prolongation of the period of heating, with the same result as before. On the one hand it was found that the solution of peptone and grape sugar remained fertile after ten minutes' ebullition, although perfectly pellucid; and on the other, that it was deprived of its fertility by prolonged heating at 212°, or by exposing it to a higher temperature. Similar conclusions were arrived at at about the same time as the result of a second, and, we need not say, entirely independent experimental criticism, undertaken by S. Samuelson, of Bonn, under the direction of Professor Pflüger. The method employed was the same, with the exception that in this research (which will be found in Pflüger's *Archiv*, vol. vii., 1873, pp. 277-288) attention was directed rather to the influence of prolongation of time than to that of increased temperature.

In a second paper published in the same journal (Pflüger's *Archiv*, vol. viii., p. 180)

Huizinga replied to both his critics, objecting that in repeating his experiments they had both of them used hermetically sealed flasks instead of flasks closed by porous septa. He, however, freely admitted that when he subjected his tile-covered flasks to a temperature of 215.6° Fahr., no development of bacteria took place. Notwithstanding this he was unable to regard the question as settled, for by modifying his experimental liquid, i.e., by adding a third of a percentage of soluble starch to the mixture, he had increased its resistance to heat to such a degree that it could be heated to 219.2° Fahr. without losing its fertility; but if the heat was increased four degrees more, he had again found that it was rendered permanently sterile.

In the meantime two other observers were at work on the same subject. Dr. Gscheidlen, well known as the author of various important physiological researches, had returned to the "turnip-cheese" experiment, which he had modified in a very ingenious manner. Having first ascertained that an hermetically sealed tube could be substituted for the flask without in the slightest degree modifying the result, and that after ten minutes' ebullition, bacteria developed in such a tube with certainty, he constructed his tubes in such a way that the two constituents, viz., the turnip and the cheese, could be subjected one after another to different temperatures and then mixed without exposure to contamination. This was effected by using tubes divided in two compartments, both of which could be hermetically sealed. One compartment having been charged with turnip decoction, the other with pounded cheese suspended in water, and both sealed hermetically, the former was heated to 212° Fahr. the second to 230° Fahr. If then they were mixed by breaking the glass septum between the compartments, and the mixture was placed as usual in the warm chamber, no development of bacteria took place, showing that the temperature of ebullition was sufficient for the turnip infusion. If both compartments were heated to 212° Fahr. the result was of course the same as in the original experiment, showing that it is on the cheese alone that the property possessed by the mixture of retaining its power of germinating, notwithstanding exposure to this temperature, is dependent.

By experiments related in his second paper already quoted, Huizinga had found that even his modified liquid (that which contained soluble starch in addition to grape sugar and peptone), though it resisted a temperature of 222.8° Fahr., was rendered sterile when heated to 230° Fahr. This he explained by supposing that the chemical constituents, and particularly the peptone, had undergone change; supporting his view by experiments showing that this was actually the case as regards the peptone. Gscheidlen, however, was able to render this explanation untenable by ascertaining that Huizinga's liquid, even after it had been heated to 230° Fahr., became rapidly turbid with bacteria, when it was impregnated by the addition of a drop of ordinary moisture, or a particle of dust; so that there could be no doubt that even if it were chemically changed, the change was not of such a nature as to

impair its adaptation as a soil for the growth of such organisms.

Dr. Huizinga has recently (February, 1875) published what may probably be regarded as his final answer to his various adversaries. He puts the question as it now presents itself to him looking at it from the side of spontaneous generation, as follows:—In a solution (of peptone, certain carbonic hydrates and salts) which has been kept for a day or two at a temperature of 86° Fahr., bacteria appear. Two explanations of the fact are possible. One is, that the bacteria have sprung from germs which were originally present in the liquid, or have been introduced; the other, that they have come into existence by abiogenesis. A final decision ("vollgültige Entscheidung") between these alternatives Huizinga thinks is at present not possible. "I readily admit," he says, "that all experiments made on the assumption that high temperature is a guarantee of freedom from germs—my own among the rest—fail as proofs of abiogenesis." On the other hand, he is unwilling to admit that this want of evidence in favour of the doctrine can be used as an argument against it, for, as he proceeds to point out and illustrate by examples, it is conceivable that the very slightest alteration of conditions might be sufficient to interfere with the synthesis of a body so complicated as protoplasm. He then proceeds to draw attention to another mode of investigation, as affording a prospect of a solution of the main question, for information as to which the original must be consulted (*Pflüger's Archiv*, vol. x. p. 62).

No objection can, we think, be made to the doubts thus expressed; for, so far as we know, no physiologist has advanced the theory, that spontaneous generation is impossible. The mental attitude assumed throughout by scientific men with reference to the question, has been simply that of scepticism. As one form of experiment after another has been brought forward as affording a final demonstration of the truth of the theory, each has been tested by the acknowledged methods of verification. But notwithstanding that up to the present time the result of such testing has always been the same, no one supposes that the controversy is settled, or doubts that fresh "facts" and arguments will be adduced to supply the place of those which have already served their turn.

We are now in a position to conclude this notice by bringing the results of German investigators into comparison and contrast with those of our author. In p. 65 Dr. Bastian says:—

"There are only two possible modes of accounting for the fact that 'certain of the most minute living things are known to appear in some fluids independently of pre-existing visible germs.' If, therefore, it can be shown that living, though invisible, germs did not pre-exist in certain fluids in which such minute living things subsequently make their appearance as usual, we thereby prove that in such instances they must have owed their appearance to the other process, namely, to archebiosis. Nothing can be plainer than this: if a given event must be occasioned by one or other of two causes, and if in certain instances we can show that the event followed, notwithstanding the absence of one of these causes, then the event must

have been occasioned by the other cause. An experiment of this nature is named a 'crucial instance,' or *experimentum crucis*. . . .

"If we wish to make sure that living matter does not exist in any given fluid, the only course open to us is to submit the fluid to the influence of agencies which we have previously ascertained to be capable of 'killing' such matter."

Then on p. 67 the author proceeds:—

"The resistance of protoplasm or living matter to heat stands upon the same level as that of the degree of heat necessary to destroy or 'kill' one of the simpler chemical compounds, or the degree of heat necessary to cause ebullition in a given fluid. These are all cases in which, as Mr. Mill said, 'we reckon with the most unflinching confidence upon uniformity,' so that 'when a chemist announces the existence of a newly-discovered substance, if we confide in his accuracy, we feel assured that the conclusions he has arrived at will hold universally, though the induction be founded but on a single instance.' Now here, far from being based on a single instance, the fact that very many different kinds of living matter are killed by a temperature of 140° F., rests upon the repeatedly recorded observations of several independent investigators—upon the observations of Pouchet, Liebig, Cantoni, Hoppe-Seyler, Kühne, Max Schultze, myself, and others.

"But as it is the fact that living matter is killed at 140° F., and as it is also true that certain fluids heated to much higher temperatures (to 212° F. and upwards), and subsequently exposed to certain conditions free from all possibility of contamination with living matter, will shortly swarm with the living things whose mode of origin we desire to learn, the man of science is compelled to conclude that such living organisms must have originated independently of living germs, and therefore after the manner of crystals. Here, then, is our 'crucial instance.'"

We thus see that Dr. Bastian rests his all on the "fact that living matter is killed at 140° F." On this, he says, the testimony of experimental physiologists is unanimous. We will now hear what Huizinga—who, it is to be remembered, is also an advocate of heterogenesis—has to say on the same point:—

"In experiments in which all necessary precautions are observed, i.e. when the experimental liquid is neutral, and contains materials well-adapted to the nourishment of bacteria (grape-sugar and peptone), and when the access of air during the period of cultivation is provided for, I obtain the following result:—To ensure the killing of all bacteria or bacterial germs in any aqueous liquid, it must be heated to 110° C. (230° F.) for thirty minutes. Any heating to a lower temperature or for a shorter time is insufficient. The numerous earlier statements as to lower death-temperatures—80° (176° F.) for thirty minutes (Cohn), and 105° (221° F.) (Pasteur), &c.—are all dependent on the neglect of the precautions above prescribed. In like manner my own previous statement that a temperature of 102° (215.6° F.) for ten minutes is sufficient, is subject to the same objection."

It may be well to note that the words in italics are printed by the author in leaded type, as the general conclusion of his researches—a conclusion founded, as he says himself, as much on the experiments of his critics as on his own (see p. 71). We may therefore fairly put it side by side with Dr. Bastian's "crucial instance," in evidence that, however supernatural it may appear to him, that bacteria or their germs should survive such high temperatures, other observers, whose competency he will probably not be disposed to question, have been led to think otherwise.

As regards the trustworthy character of the experiments themselves, it will probably be a sufficient guarantee to most readers that they have been conducted under the immediate supervision of men like Pflüger and Hoppe-Seyler, who occupy the foremost rank as vital physicists. Those who are more specially interested in the subject will best satisfy themselves of the exactitude and completeness with which all the investigations have been carried out by reading for themselves the original papers.

In conclusion we feel bound to congratulate Dr. Bastian on the importance and value of the direct and indirect results of his researches. By means of his own experiments and those of his critics in Germany, we have attained a much more precise knowledge than before existed of the chemical and physical conditions which are best adapted to the development and maintenance of bacterial life; and in particular have learnt that the product which results from the action of the digestive ferments on the albuminous compounds is specially fitted to serve as a source of nitrogen. We have, further, learnt a great deal about the action of heat. We have seen that the remarkable power of cheese to resist temperature without losing its fertility is not due, as was at first surmised, to its being in the solid form, but to its chemical constitution; and that in this respect it is equalled, if not surpassed, by peptone—a body which is both soluble and diffusible. With these leading facts many others of less direct importance are associated, so that, although the question may not have been solved, the time and labour devoted to it by so many persons have not been wasted.

J. BURDON SANDERSON.

Elements of South Indian Palaeography.
By A. C. Burnell. (Mangalore, 1874.)

This work was originally intended as the preface to the author's forthcoming catalogue of Tanjore manuscripts, but no one will regret the change of plan by which it has been published in a separate form, considerably in anticipation of the appearance of the catalogue. It opens with an introduction containing a protest, characteristic of the author, against the *traditional* as opposed to the *real* history of India. "From the beginning of this century," says Mr. Burnell, "up to the present time, a number of well-meaning persons have gone about with much simplicity and faith collecting a mass of rubbish which they term traditions and accept as history;" and he points out that the broad facts, or, to use his own expression, the "chronological framework" of South Indian history can only be obtained by a careful study of the inscriptions.

The first chapter is a brief but masterly review of the evidence regarding the origin of writing in India. Mr. Burnell, in common with almost all who have written on the subject, believes the Indian alphabets to be modifications of a Semitic original; but he advances, diffidently it is true, the theory that this original was a "cursive Aramaic character," current in Persia some time previous to the third century B.C., and the immediate source of the Pahlavi character.

The next two chapters contain the principal results of the author's prolonged researches in an almost wholly unexplored field of study. These results are mostly new, and are arranged with clearness and method. If to a great extent we must accept them on Mr. Burnell's authority, it is the authority of the greatest English scholar that India has produced since James Prinsep. Space forbids any detailed reproduction of Mr. Burnell's conclusions, and I must content myself with mentioning a few of the more prominent. All the South Indian alphabets, except the Old Tamil, are derivatives of the Southern Asoka character, the modern Tulu, Malayalam and Grantha having passed through the Chera, and Canarese and Telegu through the Chälukya, while the Nandī-Nāgarī is derived through the Gupta and Devanāgarī. The old Tamil, or Vattaluttu, which was specially the alphabet of the Pāṇḍyan kingdom, has a separate derivation, but the question of its origin is beset with difficulties. Mr. Burnell shows, first, that it cannot be derived from the Asoka character, because in the eighth century it existed side by side with the Grantha; secondly, that it cannot be the parent of the Asoka character, because some of the forms which are primitive in the latter are wanting in the Vattaluttu; thirdly, that there are resemblances between the two which point to a common Semitic origin. Mr. Burnell comes to the important conclusion that the Southern Asoka and Vattaluttu are modifications of two different forms of the Phœnician, imported respectively into Northern India and the Tamil country at much about the same period. He somewhat hesitatingly seeks the parentage of the Vattaluttu in the "Sassanian of the inscriptions," which it more closely resembles than any other probable alphabet.

A long and most interesting chapter is devoted to the South Indian numerals and mode of marking dates. Mr. Burnell shows that the forms of all the numerals now in use in India are corruptions of the "Cave numerals," so called because they occur in cave inscriptions in Western India. The cave system, however, is a cypherless one, with single figures for 10, 20, 30, &c., up to 1,000; and the decimal system now in use in South India is proved to be an importation from Northern India, where it first appeared between the sixth and tenth centuries. Mr. Burnell decidedly rejects the theory that the Devanāgarī numerals are the first letters of the Sanskrit words denoting the corresponding numbers. Like all the modern Indian numerals they are corruptions of the cave numerals, which had not an alphabetical origin; the first three, for instance, being expressed by one, two, and three strokes. On the important question of the source of the cave numerals Mr. Burnell comes to no definite conclusion, but he is inclined to trace them to Egypt on the ground of their similarity to the Hieratic and Demotic numerals.

Chapter IV. deals with accent and punctuation, and the fifth and last chapter gives a detailed account of the various kinds of South Indian inscriptions. Then follow two appendices, the first giving an historical review of Dravidian phonetics, and the second

transcripts of inscriptions. The volume is completed by a series of thirty beautiful plates, of which the first nineteen are specimens of old Indian alphabets, and the remainder facsimiles of inscriptions and of palm-leaf manuscripts. I had nearly forgotten to mention that a pretty, and of course entirely new, map of the distribution of the old South Indian alphabets faces the title-page.

If this work cannot be said to mark an epoch in South Indian palaeography, it is only because until its appearance that science could hardly be said to exist. It is almost entirely the creation of Mr. Burnell, who has done his work so thoroughly that it will be long before the student of the Dekhan inscriptions will require any further help than this splendid manual.

The typography of the volume, which issues from the Basel Mission Press at Mangalore, is beyond all praise. No English press in India can produce anything approaching to it,* and it is truly melancholy to find ourselves beaten in this field, on our own ground, by one of the smallest States in Europe.

One word more. If ever there was a case for the "endowment of research" it is surely this. For years Mr. Burnell has been publishing volume after volume of original research, printed at his own expense, and composed during the scanty and precarious leisure of an Indian judge. Can no scheme be devised for utilising his special acquirements, and enabling him to devote all his time and all his energies to science?

R. C. CHILDERS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

In the May number of the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*, Professor Flower furnishes some useful hints on the construction and arrangement of anatomical museums. He disapproves of the great halls, lighted from above, in which the splendid collection over which he presides is housed; preferring ordinary rooms with windows at the side, in which a division of specimens into wet and dry need not be made the fundamental principle of classification. Dr. Hollis points out that, in the struggle for existence, ambidexterity must survive lopsidedness, and recommends a system of education in which every cubic line of brain-matter will be utilised to the utmost by enforcing an equal prominence on both sides of the brain in all intellectual operations. He advises us to change Horne Tooke's definition of the *left-hand* as "that which we are taught to leave out of use when one hand only is employed," into "that which is left for us to use when the right hand is wearied by continued work." Professor Turner contributes two papers on the anatomy of the Spiny and Porbeagle Shark.

It is with some regret that we find the chief physiological paper borrowed from a German source. The *Journal* is almost the only representative in the United Kingdom of the multitude of periodical publications devoted to anatomy and physiology with which Germany is flooded; and it is disheartening to find our own investigators unable or unwilling to provide it with original matter. The paper itself, on "The Characteristic Sign of Cardiac Muscular Movement," by Kronecker and Stirling, is of some interest; it appeared

* I may instance the Reports of the Archaeological Survey of India, printed at the Government Press at Calcutta: the contrast is very great.

originally in the splendid collection of monographs dedicated to the veteran Ludwig by his pupils. It is a pity that the translator should not have seen fit to make some concessions to our weakness in the matter of style; the tortuous obscurity of the original being but too faithfully represented in the English version. A short paper by Mr. Lowne on "The Mechanical Work of Respiration," and one by Mr. Reoch on "The Decomposition of Urea," complete the physiological part of the number, which terminates with the usual excellent reports on the progress of anatomy and physiology.

On the Relation of Peptones to the Nutritive Process.—The first discovery that albuminoid matters might undergo conversion into peptones in the alimentary canal was speedily followed by the inference that the latter alone were capable of being absorbed into the blood, and of supplying azotised pabulum to the tissues. A final cause for their existence was thus obtained, and the theory seemed to derive support from the high osmotic equivalent of peptones as compared with that of undigested albumen. But a reaction set in; Brücke, Diakonow, and others, pointed out that albuminous matters might be absorbed without undergoing previous chemical transformation; and brought forward reasons for thinking that the peptones did not serve to nourish the nitrogenous tissues, but were speedily oxidised and decomposed in the blood. Ploz and Gyergyai (*Pflüger's Archiv* x. 10 and 11) enter into a detailed criticism of the different views which have been put forth by Fick, Bauer and Eichhorst, and others, on this subject, showing that the methods employed by these various investigators are incapable of furnishing absolutely conclusive evidence concerning the nutritive value of peptones. By following another road, they believe themselves to have established the fact that peptones alone are able to provide the tissues with all the nitrogen they need. A full-grown dog was kept for twelve days on a non-nitrogenous diet; a peptone solution of known strength was injected into the stomach daily; and the total amount of nitrogen in the excreta was carefully determined. The dog was found to have gained 250 grammes in weight at the conclusion of the experiment; and the nitrogen introduced was in excess of that eliminated. Hence the authors conclude, first, that an animal can actually gain weight on a diet in which the albuminoids are entirely replaced by peptones; secondly, that the gain in weight is due, at least in part, to a growth of azotised tissue. This disposes of any necessity for the absorption of unconverted albuminoids, though of course the probability of their being absorbed remains an open question. Further experiments were made to trace the destiny of the peptones after their entrance into the blood. It was found that from two to four hours after the introduction of a solution containing peptones into the stomach of a dog, the blood of the mesenteric veins and liver contained them in abundance, while that of the hepatic vein and carotid artery barely gave any indication of their presence. We may conclude, accordingly, that peptones are either arrested or chemically changed in the liver. When injected into the systemic veins, the peptones were found to disappear from the blood in a few hours; and inasmuch as only a trace of them could be detected in the urine, they must have been used up or decomposed in the organs and tissues. Attempts to ascertain, by direct experiment, whether they underwent conversion into urea or were taken up by the tissue-elements, yielded untrustworthy results, owing to the technical difficulties of the enquiry.

On the Hereditary Transmission of Acquired Disease.—Brown-Séquard's well-known discovery that epilepsy may be artificially induced in guinea-pigs by section of one or both sciatic nerves has been repeatedly confirmed; and the assertion subsequently made by the American physiologist that this liability to epileptic fits was transmitted to the offspring of

the operated animals has also been found correct. Obersteiner (*Stricker's Medizinische Jahrbücher*, 1875, No. 2) recommends the adoption of this method for the study of the laws of heredity in relation to diseases of the nervous system. He divided his animals into three groups: in the first, a healthy male was paired with epileptic females; in the second, an epileptic male with healthy females; while in the third, both males and females were diseased. The young of these animals were reared and kept under observation for several months; the results obtained pointing to the conclusion that the influence of the female predominates over that of the male parent in the transmission of acquired epilepsy, and that the law of "transformation of neuroses," so familiar to the student of human pathology, holds good in the case of epileptic guinea-pigs. Obersteiner's experiments were too few in number to serve as a safe basis for generalisation; but his suggestion is a valuable one, and if carried out on a large scale, would furnish a body of facts of more importance for the determination of the nature and degree of hereditary influence in the causation of disease, than any which we possess at present.

A Theory concerning Sleep.—Our existing knowledge about the physiology of sleep does not go much beyond the fact that the phenomenon in question is invariably associated with a comparatively bloodless condition of the brain. Pflüger attempts to take us a step farther by constructing an elaborate hypothesis of a physico-chemical order (*Pflüger's Archiv* x. 8, 9). Starting from the view that the functional activity of any organ, and more especially of a nerve-centre, depends upon a dissociation of living matter, which is itself only a modified form of albumin, the author goes on to speculate that the chemical potential energy which is used up in the formation of every molecule of carbonic acid is transformed into heat. In other words, the atoms of which this molecule consists are thrown into a state of very active vibration. These intramolecular explosions are propagated in all directions along the nerves to the muscular and glandular systems, which are in structural continuity with the nerve-centres. Frogs, deprived of oxygen, are thrown into a state of apparent death, precisely similar to sleep; from this they may be roused by a fresh supply of oxygenated blood. A certain proportion of intramolecular oxygen in the nerve-centres is thus essential to the waking state, since it enables a given number of explosions to occur in a unit of time at a given temperature. But, during the waking state, the energy of chemical affinity is used up much faster than the intramolecular oxygen of the grey matter of the brain can be replaced; consequently the formation of carbonic acid steadily diminishes; and when the number of explosions per unit of time sinks below a certain minimum, sleep ensues. The entire energy of the brain is never really used up; but it sinks to a point at which, in the absence of all external stimuli, it is incapable of maintaining functional activity. This theory may be so developed as to explain most of the phenomena of ordinary sleep, such as its periodicity, &c. The author likewise attempts to bring the winter sleep of hibernating mammals, and the summer sleep of tropical amphibians, into harmony with it.

MICROSCOPICAL NOTES.

THE number of *Comptes Rendus* for June 21 contains various reports of the commissions appointed to examine papers sent in by candidates for prizes at the disposal of the Academy, and some of these relate to microscopical subjects. One paper (the author's name still unmentioned) contains an account of phenomena of copulation observed in *Hypomyces asteropleurus*, and *Dothidia Robertsoni*, the latter parasitic on *Geranium Robertianum* (Herb Robert). The generative process corresponds with what had been previously observed by MM. de Bary, Woronin, and Tulasne, in other thecaspores. The report observes that

"these interesting facts generalise the phenomena already observed in a very different group, and help to confirm the opinion that the fecundation of thecaspores fungi is effected in the mycelium, and thus precedes the formation of the organs that form the spores." Speaking of spermatia, the report continues: "It is known that M. Tulasne has given this name to bodies of very great tenuity developing regularly on the surface of many Thecaspores and Uredines, or in special conceptacles, and which have been considered as concerned in the work of fecundation." The discovery of the fecundation of these fungi by organs springing from the mycelium—a discovery to which M. Tulasne contributed—rendered very problematical the fecundating action attributed to the spermatia. The author of the memoir before us shows that the spermatia can germinate when placed under suitable conditions, which, for hypoxylous species, consist in adding to water a little tannin and sugar and leaving them in contact with air. The spermatia of Uredines germinate in pure water, but their development appears to be very different from that of the hypoxylous sorts.

M. de Seyne receives a prize for a paper on Species of *Fistulina*, chiefly relating to *F. hepatica*. He concludes that the superficial conidia contribute more efficaciously than the spores to the reproduction of the species, because, appearing on the young pedicel which attaches this fungus to the wood, they fall between the woody layer and the bark, and find the conditions most favourable to their development. The further remarks of the report are too long for extract, and cannot be advantageously abridged. They relate to the formation of the receptacle, properties of the protoplasm, &c.

A WORK by M. Auguste Forel, *Les Fourmis de la Suisse*, obtains the Thore Prize, and is described as containing, among other matters, an anatomical and physiological study of the organs of the ants, observations on their instincts, &c. Some ants are liable to be seized with a desperate fighting mania, and their comrades, according to the writer, endeavour to restrain their excessive ardour. M. Forel specially examined the working ants, which possess reproductive powers (*aptés à la reproduction*), and found their conformation intermediate between that of fecund females and neuters; their ovaries were sometimes completely, and at others imperfectly developed. These latter, we suppose, were not "*aptés*" for propagation.

A MONTHYON prize is assigned to M. Malassez, for researches on blood. He has contrived an instrument, said to be superior to those previously used for ascertaining the number of red corpuscles in a given space. It consists of a capillary tube, into which blood and artificial serum are introduced, and which is graduated so that the contents of a given length are known. The mean number of red corpuscles in human blood is 4,000,000 in each cubic millimetre. A greater number is found in small arteries than in large, and in veins than in arteries, and most in veins that have lost part of their serum by exosmosis. They are fewer in cases of cancer and tuberculous. Lead poisoning also lessens their number.

Das Ausland (No. 26 for this year) quotes a paper by Ernst Haeckel, referring to the discovery of E. von Beneden, jun., that sexual distinctions originate in the primitive germinal layers of animals; male sperm-cells springing from the ectoderm, and female egg-cells from the vegetative layer, or endoderm. The author states that while at Ajaccio in March and April, he made daily studies of sea creatures, and found polyps of several species exhibiting the same facts. He concludes that the same mode of development takes place in the higher animals, though this has not yet been distinctly proved.

Seeking for the cause of the swellings which occur so often in the roots of the cabbage tribe and injure their growth, Herr Woronin found a

fungus in the parenchyme cells. He describes it, when young, as a plasmic body with a lively motion. After a time it settles down and grows; "the granules of the plasma collect into small bodies lying close together, and form a round mass covered with a membrane." These are spore cells, and as the plant rots, "zoospores or small amoebae escape from the fungus, and, penetrating young sound rootlets, cause fresh plasmic bodies to be formed in their parenchyme cells." When seed from healthy plants was sown in soil containing the decaying matter of sick plants, and wetted with water containing the fungus spores, the fresh plants were attacked, and their roots exhibited the characteristic swellings. M. Woronin supposes this fungus to belong to the Mucedines or the "Chytrideneen." (*Der Naturforscher*, No. 24, 1875, cited from *Botanische Zeitung*, 1875, No. 20.)

Der Naturforscher, No. 23 (quoting the *Berichte der Naturf. Gesellsch. zu Friburg*, I. B., Bd. vi. Heft 2, s. 92) states that Herr H. Fischer observes that, while the fumes of oxide of antimony proceeding from a globule melted on charcoal produce elegant needle-shaped crystals with the polarising properties of Valentinite, a fine dust-like deposit at the base of these little pyramids exhibits the octohedral form of Senarmatite when examined with the microscope. Difference of temperature causes the variation in the form of the crystals.

MR. W. G. LETISOM has called our attention to the remarkable spectrum afforded by glass ruby-tinted with gold. In a slide prepared by him, kindly forwarded to us, we find the luminous part of the green and blue darkly clouded by a very thin slice of the glass while the red and violet portions of the spectrum remain clear. At night, with the microspectroscope and a paraffin lamp, the cloudy band has a peculiar red tint, well seen if the lamp is screened so that little light can reach the eye except what passes through the spectroscop.

THE July number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* contains some notes on that very curious entozoon the *Bucephalus polymorphus*, by Mr. Charles Stewart. This creature, originally described by Von Baer, was likened by him to an ox-head with spreading horns. It has a body like a distoma worm, to the mouth end of which two globular bodies are attached, and from them spring two long elastic arms. The specimens examined by Mr. Stewart were found by Mr. Badcock in an aquarium containing the freshwater mussel. He first observed them last year, and they appeared again as the warm weather of this season came on. The arms, or appendages, were found to be filled with minute granules, mixed in the interior with transparent spherules. The contractions and elongations of the arms are accompanied by synchronous movements of the globular bodies. The body of the creature is formed of three layers, the outer one studded with small structureless elevations; beneath this are "granules of uniform size, and symmetrical arrangement in rows, corresponding with, and transverse to, the longitudinal axis of the body." This gives a striated appearance, sometimes like striped muscle, and at others like the beading of *Pleurosigma angulatum*. There is much in the life history of these creatures still to be found out. So far as we know, no one has traced the formation of the slender branching threads, or sporocysts, figured by Von Baer, and found by him in the liver and other organs of the freshwater mussel. An account of the principal papers on the genus *Bucephalus* was given by Mr. Slack to the Royal Microscopical Society in March, and will be found in the April number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*.

THE July number of the *Journal* also contains Mr. Stephenson's scale for readily measuring the angles of object-glasses, to which we have before alluded.

Those who are fond of puzzling over the markings of diatoms may get hints for a new mode of research from Mr. Hickie's paper in the above magazine on "Dr. Schumann's Formulae for Diatom Lines." Whether it is likely to be as useful as it is troublesome may be open to doubt. It consists in an elaborate geometrical enquiry concerning the positions and distances of the dots, longitudinal, transverse, and oblique.

THE beautiful rotifer *Stephanoceros*, common in many parts of these islands, has been lately exhibited to the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia, and Dr. Leidy stated that he had not before seen any specimens. According to the report in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, Mr. C. Newlin Pierce noticed the great length of the bristles projecting from the tentacles, which he found to exceed what was described by Mr. Cubitt in the paper he contributed to the Microscopical Society in 1870. The early drawings published of *S. Eichhornii* did not represent these bristles a quarter of their real size, probably because the objectives and modes of illumination employed were both defective. Mr. Pierce speaks of those belonging to his specimens as "overlapping each other, and forming a network in which paramercia were entrapped, as many as forty being observed at one time." Is this a peculiarity of the American species, or variety? The following statement of Mr. Pierce is very curious:—

"For two weeks the animal under observation fed voraciously. The last few days of this time granular layers were rapidly deposited on each side of the body just within the case, until the upper part of the carapace was distended with this accumulation. . . . On the sixteenth day of observation it was unavoidably left for a few hours; on returning to it, the tentacles, with the above described accumulated dark mass were found to have left the original core and were attached to a portion of the plant beneath. It now presented the appearance of an animal figured and described by Pritchard as a young *Stephanoceros*, a dark globular mass with five spreading or divergent tentacles, and at the distal extremity a very slight prolongation, by which it was attached to the plant stem by an almost invisible thread."

It soon proceeded to form a cell. The retracted body is said to have remained for weeks in an apparently perfect condition—"the growth force being seemingly confined to the detached head and its accompanying organs." Verification and more detail would be desirable.

IN *Comptes Rendus*, June 28, will be found a paper by M. Paul Bert on the influence of air pressure on fermentations. A piece of meat placed in oxygen, with a pressure of twenty-three atmospheres, remained from July 29 to August 3 without putrescence or evil odour. It consumed in that time 380 cubic centimetres of the gas. A similar piece suspended in a bell-glass full of air at the ordinary pressure, acquired a bad smell, consumed all the oxygen, amounting to 1,185 centimetres, and was covered with moulds. Another trial was made with oxygen at a pressure of forty-four atmospheres; no oxygen was absorbed between December 19 and January 8, and no bad odour was exhaled. M. Bert could eat cutlets preserved in this way for a month, and found them only a little stale in flavour. After being exposed to air at this pressure, allowing an escape so that only normal pressure remained, the meat suffered no damage, provided the bottle was well corked, so that no external germs could enter. Thus it appears that the micro-ferments which cause putrefaction can be killed, when they are moist, by a sufficient tension of oxygen. Fermentations of milk and urine are arrested by high pressure, and fruits keep sound. Diastase continues to act as a ferment, and bodies of this description preserve their properties indefinitely if retained under pressure.

In the last number of the *Hermes*, Dittenberger, in an article entitled "Die Attischen Phylon," brings a considerable amount of evidence hitherto

unused, and in great part derived from inscriptions, to bear upon the history of the latest-formed Attic tribes. The article deserves the serious attention of all students of Greek history. Torstrik discusses the difficult passage in Aristotle's *Physics* (ii. 4-6) on *τύχη* and *τὸ αὐτόματον*, bringing some new light to bear upon it partly from conjecture, but in much greater measure from the Greek commentators. Valentin Rose ("Damigero de Lapidibus") attempts to trace the sources of Marbod's poem on precious stones. H. Jordan, on Horace's "Ars Poetica," 32 foll., defends the reading *faber imus* against Bentley's *faber unus*, explaining *imus* as giving the position of the shop.

THE two last numbers (vol. vi. pts. 2 and 3) of the *Zeitschrift für Deutsche Philologie* are full of interesting matter. In the first, a careful article by Suphan on Herder's earliest theological work, and two letters by F. A. Wolf to Falbe upon some translations of the latter from Vergil and Horace into German hexameters, published for the first time by Lothholz, are of general literary interest. Liebrecht contributes a curious article on "The Humour in German Law." There are some important papers on critical and grammatical matters, among which may be mentioned especially Schädel's communication on some fragments of a fourteenth century MS. of Titule, preserved in the Archducal Library at Darmstadt, and Wüste's "Beiträge aus dem Niederdeutschen." The supplementary matter at the end of the volume contains an interesting biographical sketch of the late G. Homeyer, by Boretius; an account by Hüber of the proceedings of the German and Romance section of last year's congress of philologists at Innsbruck; and some reviews, among which one by Delbrück on Begemann's works on the Weak Perfect in German, and one by Bernhardt on Bezzenberger's "A-reihe der gotischen Sprache," deserve the attention of comparative philologists.

In the next number Boxberger and Zacher have an interesting paper on Lessing's "Nathan." The writers endeavour to ascertain more fully than has hitherto been done the materials which Lessing chiefly used in the construction of his play. Lovers of the Eisack valley will read with pleasure a short article by Zingerle on the fables of the Jochgrimm. The most important critical articles are those by Schönbach on the criticism of Bonerius' Fables, by Rieger on the Runic Alphabet (a review of a work by Wimmer), and by Bezzenberger on the Merseburg glosses. In the miscellanies at the end of the volume Bezzenberger reviews Jolly's translation of Whitney's *Lectures on Comparative Philology*. Halbertsma's *Frisian Lexicon* is noticed by Lübben, and Herbst's *Life of J. H. Voss* by Redlich. The same author contributes a valuable and instructive review of Strodsmann's edition of Bürger's correspondence, and Wackernagel's minor writings and lectures are criticised with care and appreciation by Tobler.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY (Saturday, June 26).

PROFESSOR G. C. FOSTER, Vice-President, in the Chair. Mr. W. J. Wilson read a paper on "A Method of Measuring the Electrical Resistance of Liquids." The apparatus employed in its most simple form consists of a long narrow trough filled with the liquid to be measured, say dilute acid. A porous pot containing a zinc plate in sulphate of zinc being placed in the acid at one end of the trough, and a similar pot with a copper plate in sulphate of copper in the acid at the other end, the whole arrangement forms a sort of elongated Daniell's cell, the chief resistance of which is in the long column of acid. When by shunting the galvanometer included in the circuit a suitable deflection has been obtained, the porous vessels are moved towards each other through a certain interval, the original deflection of the galvanometer

needle being restored by the introduction of known resistance. Thus a measure of the liquid resistance is obtained. The chief obstacle to exact measurements lies in the fact that the resistance of liquids is greatly affected by changes of temperature. Trustworthy results are, however, obtained by working at the temperature of the room.

In the discussion which followed, Professors Foster, McLeod, and Guthrie took part.

Dr. Stone made a communication on "The Subjective Phenomena of Taste." He stated that some experiments he had recently made led him to consider whether there might be "complementary taste," just as there is "complementary sight." He described the following experiments as examples of the kind of phenomena. If water be placed in the mouth after the back of the tongue has been moistened with moderately dilute nitric acid, the water will have a distinctly saccharine taste. Or if the wires from a ten-cell Grove's battery be covered with moist sponge and be placed one on the forehead and the other at the back of the neck, an impression is produced which is exactly similar to that resulting from the insertion of the tongue between a silver and copper coin, the edges of which are in contact. Dr. Stone showed that the induced current usually employed for medical purposes has not this effect, and he considered the result curious, as, so far as we know, they can hardly be the result of chemical action.

Four other communications were made, of which abstracts will be given in a future number.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY (Monday, June 28).

SIR H. RAWLINSON in the Chair. The first paper of the evening was read by Mr. John Forrest, in which he gave an account of his recent journey across the western half of Australia from Champion Bay to Adelaide. This journey, as far as the overland telegraph line, was about 2,000 miles in length. The watershed of the Murchison river was well suited for pastoral settlement, but after it was passed and as far as 128° E. longitude, the country was one undulating desert of spinifex, the prevailing rock being the tertiary desert sandstone. The spinifex causes the horses' legs to bleed, and is useless as food, being utterly devoid of nourishment. The party was attacked by natives on three occasions. These natives manage with very little water, using it only for drinking purposes. When they come across a hollow filled with water, they cover it up to prevent evaporation; when this fails they pound the stalks of a species of Eucalyptus and drain the moisture into a wooden dish. From 128° E. long. the country improves, and much of it is already occupied. Through the expeditions of Mr. Forrest and Colonel Warburton, the geography of Australia had now been finally laid open, and with the exception of a portion of the north-west there remained little of interest to investigate.

A discussion followed in which Sir George Bowen and Mr. Leake took part.

The Seyyid then entered the Hall, and Sir H. Rawlinson welcomed him, referring to the assistance given by the Seyyid as a Corresponding Honorary Member of the Society to the Livingstone Relief and Search Expeditions. He also traced the connexion between the Seyyid's family and this country, and made mention of the encouragement given to commerce by the present Sultan, as well as the measures taken by him for the suppression of the slave trade.

General Rigby then described the physical resources of the possessions of the Seyyid of Zanzibar, by whom, as well as by the Seyyid's father, they had been so largely developed. They mainly consisted of ivory, gum copal, and cloves, while a trade in spices, sugar, cotton, and cocoanut fibre had also sprung up.

The Seyyid's reply was interpreted by Dr.

Badger. He expressed himself pleased with his welcome, and referred to the work of the various explorers whom the Society had sent out to Central and Eastern Africa, and stated that he always endeavoured to help them to the best of his ability. He fully recognised the material advantages which would result from the work of the Society, and the advantages of travel, which several Arabian poets had dilated on.

Dr. Kirk briefly referred to the explorations of Mr. Stanley and Lieutenant Cameron, both of whom had now advanced into unknown country. No news respecting them was, however, contained in the mail which had just come from Zanzibar.

The Seyyid then took his leave after signing his name in the visitors' book, and the rest of the evening was occupied with a summary of a paper by Dr. Carpenter, on recent ocean temperature observations made in the *Challenger* and *Tuscarora* and their bearing on the theory of a general oceanic circulation sustained by difference of temperature.

FINE ART.

ART NEWS.

Paris: June 28, 1875.

A sojourn of several weeks in London for the purpose of visiting the different exhibitions now open, is a reason if not an excuse for my correspondence having been temporarily discontinued. The chief disadvantage arising thence is that in the meantime the Paris Salon has been closed, and therefore any further remarks upon it would be absurd. But it is an apparent rather than a real disadvantage. The Salons require either a connected series of critical notices containing the mention of the largest number of names and pictures possible, or the statement of a few general facts interesting to every one, no matter what his nationality may be, who follows the steps of human activity in all its paths. I ought strictly to have confined myself from the beginning to this latter mode of proceeding, but engaged as I am every day in combating the odious academical principles which stand in the way of every new creation, I am impelled to bring forward arguments in support of what is either consoling or discouraging. In future I shall enumerate all the most striking pictures in my first letter, and reserve all personal reflections for the second. At most three will be sufficient.

This cannot be said to be a time of decadence. It is one of stagnation. It is apparent that our school is receiving even from bad masters a sounder technical education than yours. Our historical painters are more learned draughtsmen than yours, their style of composition is fuller and larger, their palette more decorative regarded from the point of view of the Roman school, which has been the adopted type since the time of Raphael. But unfortunately they do not make use of this foundation of a classical education in such a manner as to interest the thinker.

Ingres, who is the type of modern professors, had but a very imperfect understanding of the teaching of David. David wished that the knowledge acquired by copying the antique and nature should be made use of in representing the great modern subjects. This at least he tried to do in *Le Serment du Jeu de Paume*, in his *Marat assassiné*, in his *Couronnement de Napoléon Ier*, in *La Distribution des Aigles*.

Ingres, on the contrary, has but brought his knowledge to bear on the study of isolated portions of a figure, of isolated personages in a picture. Even in his portraits, which are the best things he ever did, we feel the want of a general idea, of a pervading sentiment to give unity to these fragments and impart emotion to these dumb actors who are so indifferent to the part they are playing. It is quite as inadmissible in an artist as in a writer that he should detach himself from the things of his own time. Literary independence of this kind expired with

tragedy, which is beautiful as a form adapted to a certain period of history, but unendurable as a vehicle for modern feelings. In painting it entails a purely artificial life on those students who, having taken part in competitions in Paris which prove their absolute want of originality, are sent to Rome—still only to Rome—to gain increased facility in the science of copies or unprofitable assimilations. And it is the strangest mistake that the Salon prize, founded last year by M. de Chennevières as a rival of the old prize of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, should also oblige the successful competitor to spend the four years of his pension in Rome, the solemn funeral city, which every one must pass through, even inhabit for a while, to become familiar with its stately powerful genius, but must then quit in order to traverse the whole world and breathe the warm breath of a new life. M. Cormon, who gained the Salon prize this year by a rather animated composition, *La Mort du Roi de Lanka*, the subject of which is drawn from the *Ramayana*, has taken Eugène Delacroix for his model. Would it not have been better for this young artist's future had he been left free to study Rubens and Paolo Cagliari in Antwerp or Venice? or, better still, given complete liberty to follow his own bent?

But these are regulations which a change of ministry may modify. The interest does not lie in the degree of imperfection which exists in the wheels of the worn-out machine, it lies in the signs of a reaction visible in the public—of a reaction against all mediocre painting, of no matter what school, and in favour of good painting judged on its own merits entirely. Thus there has been a very strong reaction against *genre* painters, who nevertheless take great pains to appear clever and to entertain the public. The painter who has earned the most honest success is a M. de Nittis, just now in London, and his success is due simply to the fact that his picture, *La Place de la Concorde*, is a spirited and life-like composition, full of air and light, and true to nature both as regards movement and colour. Then, too, people were indignant at the exaggerated blueness of M. Manet's *Seine in Les Canotiers d'Argenteuil*, but at the same time interested in the picture as a piece of powerful painting, which brings out by its very exaggerations the feebleness of the surrounding pictures. Finally, the notice which the expressive faces and admirably drawn hands in M. Alphonse Legros' *L'Eglise* have attracted, will be a useful encouragement to study.

I am seeking at present not merely to express my own sentiments, but to gather from the criticisms which have appeared in our best papers, as well as from conversation with competent judges, what the average opinion regarding the Salon really is. It has been generally admitted that, taken as a whole, it is gay and more lively in colour than former Salons, but that neither is the drawing so careful nor are the wish and endeavour to touch the heart, so perceptible. The landscape painters more especially are wonderfully daring. Karl Daubigny is very nearly as good a painter as his father. But evidently landscape painters now are satisfied with rapidly sketching a small bit of nature—the typical masses of sky, of earth, of verdure, of fore and background, more or less approximating in tone. In this manner they produce in a few moments a pleasing sketch, but without defining either the character of the country, or the impression, whether cheerful or melancholy, which they intend the picture to convey to the spectator. Corot at fourscore was the youngest painter in the whole Salon, because he showed the greatest power of mind, the greatest love for his art, and the greatest respect for the grand and eternal effects of nature. And now we may leave the Salon; though no present satisfaction can be derived from it, still it encourages the belief in a more masculine future, one productive of more pleasures for the mind. Let us go and salute the dead who are taking their final leave of us; for the final disposal of an artist's

drawing portfolios, colour-studies and rough sketches, is virtually a death, but a death, like an apothecosis, attended with light and song.

While greedy heirs were engaged in sweeping out the corners of Corot's studio, and pricing even his address-books, loving friends were busy collecting from all the great amateurs the finest specimens of his work. This exhibition, to which your attention was duly drawn, suffered rather at the beginning in consequence of the rival attractions of the sale, which lasted a fortnight and included some very powerful studies, those done in Italy more particularly.

It enabled Corot's humble admirers, who love his work for the poetry, the learning, the respect for nature, and the freedom from pedantry which distinguish it, to enrich their walls with some humble specimen. I fancy even that some have found their way to England. The exhibition was closed yesterday. It realised a considerable sum, half of which is to be devoted to raising a monument to Corot's memory. As yet nothing has been decided. But the following suggestion has been made, and there is something touching in the idea. Corot had a great affection for the village of Ville d'Avray, situated outside the gates of Paris. Its picturesque position, sweet and classical at the same time, recalls the exquisite tenderness and eloquence of some of the pages of *Télémaque*. And the painter Français, who is the chairman of the committee, suggests that a fountain and a circular seat, surmounted by a bust or a medallion of Corot, should be constructed on the skirts of the wood on a spot Corot was particularly fond of, which overlooks a green valley dotted with white-walled houses and red roofs. The poet would come thither attracted by the quiet and seclusion of the place, and the birds would flutter down to drink at the murmuring fountain. This is the spirit of all Corot's work, and as regards the wealth of his imagination and the endless means of execution he had at his command, this exhibition, incomplete as it was, has fully proved them.

J. F. Millet, of whom I have also formerly spoken, was similarly honoured by a double sale: that of his own studio first, which contained some splendid sketches and some drawings remarkable for great depth of feeling; and secondly, that of ninety-five pastels, of a very large size, which belonged to an architect named Gavet. I think the English galleries should have been represented at this sale. J. F. Millet is undeniably one of the greatest masters of this generation. The originality of his drawing is such that it cannot be disputed, and establishes a resemblance between him and the Italians antecedent to Raphael. Thus the galleries of all countries might have obtained studies which would have been of the greatest value to their students. But J. F. Millet was, besides, a thinker. It was not enough for him to draw a peasant or a peasant-woman, a type that was more or less picturesque according to the costume or function selected; he applied himself to drawing the peasant or the peasant-woman with all the characteristics of their race, in the performance of their typical functions, in their own individual costumes, which long use has rendered as characteristic of them as the hair is of the animal on whose back it grows. These are characters of an art that is quite international. Rembrandt did the same when he interrogated the Bible as he so often did for the purpose of dramatising it with types he had earnestly studied. Your public, which is very aristocratic as regards modern questions, would not, I think, willingly accept these peasants, whom inclement seasons, struggles with misery, and the want of intellectual culture have rendered almost terrible in their ugliness. But they are figures which will soon become historical. Books, machinery, and cheap clothing, and the share taken by all in the discussion of public affairs, have already sensibly altered this roughness of a hundred years old, have smoothed the too great sharpness of the angles, and produced a more

supple generation. Soon their coarse linen garments, their wooden shoes, their heavy clumsy tools will be as antiquated, and consequently as picturesque, as are the wigs, the red heels and the rapiers of the marquesses. Then you will regret not having secured some of these precious historical records while they were yet to be had. You will have all the more reason to regret it because then, there can be no doubt, criticism will require that an artist should be a man, and should present his fellow-men, not with vulgar dolls any more, but with human beings engaged in accomplishing some moral action. This is especially the case with J. F. Millet. Without playing the part of a moralist out of season, without changing the plastic conditions of his art, he has known how to express in the noblest and purest language the passions of the country, the love of home, and the charm distinctive of children who have expanded in the open air. His work is formed, as it were, of the leaves of a *Biblia Pauperum*, if we attach to the word *pauperes* the touching meaning, "poor people."

I was present yesterday at the inauguration of a monument raised to Théophile Gautier, in the cemetery of Montmartre, by his friends. A grey mist of rain, which fortunately dispersed just when M. Théodore de Banville began to speak and recall the literary merits of Théophile Gautier, imparted an additional dreariness to the sad ceremony. M. de Banville—who is himself, as you know, a distinguished poet—very happily characterised his friend's genius as an art critic in the following words: "Gautier eut la qualité suprême, la plus haute, la plus rare de toutes, la faculté d'admirer." This is a very profound remark. Victor Hugo had already expressed the same thought in another form and in a more general sense, "Aimer c'est comprendre." May we not regard it as the basis of a new system of aesthetics?

Gautier's tomb is of black marble. It was designed by M. Cyprien Godebski, a sculptor who is a Belgian by descent, but was brought up in Poland, where the poet, on his way to Russia, became acquainted with him. A young muse of a daringly modern type, with the golden star on her brow, is seated in an arm-chair of antique shape which stands on a cenotaph. She is looking up to heaven with a saddened countenance. She holds a lyre and a palm. Her right arm rests on a medallion representing Gautier in three-quarters in low relief. The resemblance is very slight, and he looks extremely like a Kalmuck. The medallion is supported by books, one bearing the title *Emaux et Camées*, which is one of his choicest collections of poetry.

The figure of the Muse, without being exactly very high art, is graceful, the sentiment is proper, and the silhouette happy. Some lines about death are engraved on the sides of the cenotaph. Their suitability in this place is even rather doubtful, for in his lifetime Théophile Gautier—Théo as his friends used to call him—was a notorious pagan. But afterwards . . .

A monument raised by national subscription to the memory of Dorian, at the cemetery of Père Lachaise, is to be inaugurated to-morrow. Dorian was Minister of Public Works during the siege of Paris, and one of those men of honour who believed in the possibility of making a defence against the German forces, and who loyally did his utmost to organise the elements of that defence. The statue is by M. Aimé Millet, the monument by M. Dupré. But my correspondence has taken a decidedly funeral turn. . . .

PH. BURRY.

LA MAISON LEYS.

A FEW particulars regarding the house of the celebrated painter, Baron Leys, at Antwerp, may be of interest to some readers of the ACADEMY.

A party of four, whereof I was one, called there on the morning of June 29; on sending up our cards, and enquiring whether we might be allowed

to see the Leys frescoes at once, or to return at a later hour, immediate access was accorded to us, and directly afterwards the Baronne descended, and accompanied us over the rooms with simple and cordial courtesy.

The house is a very handsome one, standing in a row among others, and covering a considerable space of ground: the street in which it stands, heretofore Rue de la Station, has been re-named Rue Leys. The painter bought the ground several years ago, and erected the house upon it; the details of construction and decoration, therefore, represent his own likings, although the façade of the house has nothing to distinguish it from other residences of opulent citizens.

On the ground floor is a reception room, which opens into the dining room; hence we pass into a glass-roofed conservatory used as a breakfast-room, with a tank of gold and silver fish; we next ascend to another room, of small dimensions, the library, and out of that to the studio. The frescoes in the dining room are the works which we had come prepared to see; but we had the pleasant surprise of finding that these are only a portion of the artistic treasures in the house testifying to the great master's lifework. The morning happened to be a singularly dark one, partially cleared during our stay by a violent shower and slight thunderstorm: the frescoes, in consequence, were at first barely discernible. They run around the upper wall of the apartment, and represent Antwerp burgher-life in the sixteenth century: the compositions (with one exception, I think) have all been seen in London, in the form of small oil-pictures. The chief subject, occupying the whole of the wall facing the fireplace (which is filled by an elaborately designed brass stove) is the promenade of the citizens on the ramparts, now destroyed, on a snowy winter day. This is followed by other groups showing a family party arriving at the house of a friend, and welcomed by him, and finally the preparations for an abundant dinner. The scene of welcome is painted over the fireplace, and contains a group of family portraits (Leys himself included) in costume differing hardly or not at all from that of our own day, yet so well harmonised, in artistic respects, with the other personages, that the general mediæval effect is not seriously interrupted. These admirable works are painted in the broad full-tinted colour so distinctive of Leys, with a depth seldom seen in fresco; solid local colour with next to no shadow. The afternoon sunlight, as the Baronne said, is needed for bringing forth the compositions in their complete strength: then "les groupes s'animent," and everything tells out with the most vigorous effect. These works occupied Leys for several years, in the intervals from his more strictly professional painting.

The studio has a gabled wooden roof, with loop-hole windows in the gable, opening inwards. Here is the oil picture, exhibited in London in 1868, of Battista Pallavicini, of Genoa, admitted to the citizenship of Antwerp in 1541: this work was brought back by the Baronne after her husband's death. It is the same composition as one of the great frescoes painted in the Hôtel de Ville. Another oil picture, being also one of the fresco subjects, is Margaret of Parma delivering the keys of Antwerp to the Burgomaster during the troubles of 1566: this fine work, peculiarly complete in effect, has never been out of the family's possession. There is likewise a small picture, bought back, representing a minstrel and his girl harping and chaunting before some mediæval citizens, in the open air—very rich in tone and colour, dated about 1867.

Mounting hence towards the drawing rooms, we found on the stairs excellent coloured duplicates of several of the single figures of historical personages painted in fresco in the Hôtel de Ville. The duplicates are cartoons, fine and full, yet light in colour. Two or three of the figures, left uncoloured, have not been placed along with the remainder.

In the drawing rooms are a large number of Leys's paintings, sketches, &c. His very first picture is here, named *Le Pêcheur*, a little Flemish town-boy fishing. It was done at the age of sixteen, or perhaps fifteen, and is a creditable, though not a specially noteworthy, performance for that youthful age. Far different from this are three or more rather small oil paintings of mediaeval battles, street fights, or the like, painted about the age of seventeen, with numerous figures, and in a style that might be termed partly spirited and partly rapid; these show a marked influence from Braekeller, and especially from that large and wishy-washy picture by the last-named artist which represents the "Spanish Fury" in Antwerp, and which has for many years hung in the local Museum of Fine Arts. This institution, to its discredit be it spoken, possesses no specimen of so powerful a master as Leys, save one, comparatively mediocre, belonging to his earlier period in the Rembrandtesque variety of his style. Braekeller, still living at the advanced age of eighty-two, was the professional instructor and the brother-in-law of Leys, whose sister he married: this lady died very recently. The earliest exhibited picture of Leys, the *Massacre of the Echevins of Louvain*, is also in the house: it has a romantic but commonplace character, with some increasing force of effect.

Here is a fine portrait of Leys, painted by himself not more than two or three years before his death; with stiff grey hair, large well-set observant dark eyes, and very solid features: it was executed in seven days at a time of cholera when the painter was dissuaded from bringing models into the house, and, feeling the *ennui* of days without painting-work, was induced by his wife to undertake this portrait. The non-attendance of models, under other circumstances, was a sort of tribulation which befel him often, and perturbed him much. He was constantly looking out for models for his numerous and diversified personages, and tried, it might be, even ten or a dozen before he could be satisfied. He used to work out his compositions in sketches—doing all from nature—and then to set-to at the pictures with extraordinary celerity and certainty, impeded only by such troubles as these with the models. Other family portraits painted by Leys are two of his wife—one recent, the other during her youth (they married early); an interesting face, but not, said the Baronne, ever very much like her; one of his son, now "dans la diplomatie à Bruxelles;" and a full-length of his eldest daughter, in a pale green dress. There are also portraits of the father and mother of Leys, by Mathieu of Louvain, a celebrity of the days of Wappers and De Keyser: the mother a very portly and rather ordinary-looking dame; the father a mild, reflective, refined face, with an expression not much unlike that of Wordsworth. The elder Leys was a "graveur en taille douce," carrying on the business more especially of a superintendent or publisher of engravings: he had a brother who, with moderate means, showed a decided taste for collecting works of art. A number of miscellaneous productions by Leys might still be mentioned: an effective little landscape of a mill, and an oil study of a black-and-white cow in a pasture, both done for his children; crayon designs—one for the Pallavicini subject, differing in detail from the oil picture and fresco; two or three etchings—that of Luther at Wittenberg with some other Reformers is particularly rich and fine. He executed twenty etchings in all. Of pictures by other masters that belonged to him, the principal one is an excellent Brueghel, by which he set much store, illustrating the proverb, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." I have seen a duplicate of this picture somewhere, but should conjecture the one in the Maison Leys to be the more indisputable original.

Leys was born in Antwerp in or about 1814, and lived there almost all his life. He never went to Italy; nor undertook any other distant

journey, save once to Prague, where he made many studies, some of which we saw, in the Jewish synagogue—a place, as the Baronne informed us, of monumental squalor, combined with richness. He thought it not desirable for young artists to see a great number of things, of the various schools of art—they would thus be kept back from forming a style of their own. However, the project of visiting Italy was often entertained by himself; but divers things—the cares of a family, the necessity of executing commissioned paintings, and so on—interfered, and he failed after all to carry it out. He was in London in 1868. In his later years his health was precarious, and he suffered much: his resource was to paint away with indomitable zeal and perseverance; and, while thus occupied, he forgot all about his physical distresses.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

ART SALES.

THE chief art-sale of last week, after the memorable one of the Marlborough gems, took place on Saturday, when Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods dispersed under the hammer the collection of pictures belonging to the late Mr. Jesse Watts Russell, of Ilam Hall, Staffordshire. The important works were all of the English school. By this sale the National Gallery has acquired another great Gainsborough. The picture, rightly described as *A Wood Scene, with Figures: a View near the Village of Cornard, in Suffolk*, was exhibited at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857. It is about six feet long by four and a half wide, and is an example, unique in scale and importance, of Gainsborough's early manner in landscape painting. When Gainsborough was almost a boy in Suffolk, Alderman Boydell found him out, and published slight engravings after some landscapes done by him at Landguard Fort and elsewhere in that district. This large picture of "Cornard Wood" was painted by him for the same patron, and remains as fresh and silvery as on the day it was done. It was engraved and published under the title of *Gainsborough's Forest* by Boydells in 1790, two years after the artist's death, and a copy of the print is at the British Museum. This is an indifferent aquatint, by Mary Catharine Prestel, showing the composition reversed, and preserving little of the true character of the picture. Those who are only accustomed to Gainsborough's later manner in landscape painting would hardly recognise him at first sight in this work, which must have been painted not much later than 1750. The concentration of light and shade, the glow and richness of colour, the broad massing of parts, the swift and almost smearing treatment of foliage and details, which he acquired later, are none of them to be found here. On the contrary, the light and shade are much broken and scattered, and the shadowed parts of an exquisite delicacy and transparency; the foliage and details are made out with the pains and precision of a most careful student. Though there exists, so far as we know, no other large landscape of Gainsborough's showing this care and precision of handling, there are several small landscapes and foreground studies in the same manner. And though he has not massed and composed the constituent parts of the scene in the way he used later, yet the parts themselves are the same as he loved and painted always—a wood, a lane winding down through an opening in the wood to an open country with village and steeple in the distance. The wood is of scattered oak trees, beautifully drawn and painted, and is full of incident. To the right of the lane are two grey pools with their docks and sedge, and a pair of wild-ducks on the wing; a strong silvery tree-trunk, and a pair of donkeys on the bank beside it; beyond the other bank to the left the light strikes upon another trunk with a white cow by its side;

in the lane there is one mounted traveller making towards the open, and another walking with his dog; a man digs sand in the bank, a woman and dog are seated near him, his red jacket is thrown off and catches the light; in the extreme foreground a woodcutter binds faggots, and his dog lies asleep near by. Overhead, and through the opening in the wood, grey clouds roll upon a pearly and luminous sky. In all ways the picture is of peculiar interest, and for perfect preservation almost unmatched. It was bought at the sale for 1,150 gs., out of the accumulation of interest in hand on the Lewis fund. Between it and the famous *Watering-Place*, presented to the Gallery by Lord Farnborough, the whole range of this great master in landscape will be well represented. The picture will, we believe, be in its place by the time this is in the hands of our readers. Another good purchase for the nation was made at the same sale, in the shape of a landscape by the elder Crome, showing a windmill on a rounded knoll of heath, with the horizon high against the sky.

Richard Wilson's *View on the Arno* followed the Gainsborough at the sale, and realised no less a sum than 1,800l. (Agnew)—perhaps the highest price ever paid for a Wilson. *The Fisherman's Return*, by William Collins, brought the extraordinary sum of 2,362l. 10s. The prices throughout the day were remarkable; a large work of Sir Augustus Calcott's, *Dutch Fishing-boats running foul*, having fetched 1,680l. Among the most noticed works in the collection was a Girl leading a little Child across a Brook, by H. Thompson, a Royal Academician of his day. The figures were life-size, and that of the great girl admirable in attitude and foreshortening. This work realised no less than 861l. Opie's finest work, *The Schoolmistress*—the old lady schoolmistress and her pupils, done, they assert, in emulation of Rembrandt, and, as some contend, even not very far behind that master—sold for 787l. 10s. A small picture of Constable's, *Harwich Lighthouse*, sold for 878l. A large drawing by Samuel Prout, *Market Day at Malines*, fetched 304l. 10s. A portrait of Congreve, the dramatist, by Sir Peter Lely, sold for 90l. 6s.

Of the pictures by Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney, the greater part were in a deteriorated state. Gainsborough's portrait of John Sebastian Bach (?) is interesting both by its subject and its treatment, though, as often happens with the work of this master, time and unkind treatment have injured the charm of the painting and exaggerated the greenish tones of its half shadows. It was bought for 630l. by Mr. Graves. The same bidder paid 2,520l. for Sir Joshua's full-length portrait of the Countess of Bellamont—not a particularly fine or well-preserved example. Of the three conspicuous Romneys, one, the *Titania on the sea-shore*, originally a picture of immense charm, had been almost entirely ruined by flaying; a second, the figure of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante, was cruelly cracked and darkened; a third, the well-known figure of Lady Hamilton, in white, at the spinning-wheel, engraved as *The Spinster*, in spite of bad bitumen cracks in the curtain, background, and hair, and of a general dimness, was less decayed, and will be capable of recovery. It was bought by Lord Normanton for 808l. 10s. *Children feeding Pigs*, by George Morland, realised 78l. 15s.; an upright landscape by Weenix, signed and dated in the year 1700, 567l.; *Morcambe Bay*, by David Cox, 451l. 10s.; and *Bolton Abbey*, by De Wint, 472l. 10s.

On Friday week sixty-one water-colours by Eugène Lamy were sold at the Hôtel Drouot. They realised a total of 18,000 francs.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Greek Archaeological Society is at last beginning to take down the great Venetian tower, called "the tower of Acciaiuolo," which obstructs a great part of the Propylaea on the Acropolis.

Dr. Schliemann generously placed at the disposal of the Society the sum of 13,000 drachms (465*l.*) for this purpose in July, 1874. (See *ACADEMY*, November 7, 1874.)

WE hear that an etched portrait of Mr. Irving will immediately be published by Mrs. Noseda. Mr. Percy Thomas is the artist engaged for the work.

MESSRS. MANSSELL AND Co., the fine art publishers of Percy Street, Rathbone Place, have produced a series of unusually good photographs of English landscape. In a *Gathering Storm over Langdale Pikes*, their photographer, Mr. Payne Jennings, has caught, as the title of the piece implies, not only the permanent features of the landscape, but its changing expression. *Loughrigg, Gramere, and Derwentwater: Evening*, are other excellent examples of somewhat rare artistic effect in photography.

WE have received from Mr. William Tegg an "aquagraph" of *Dignity and Impudence*. It will be welcome in the nursery.

THE nave of the little village church of Upton, near Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, having become ruinous, has been for the most part taken down and rebuilt. On the south side was a plain twelfth-century doorway, with a flat top under a circular arch. This was carefully removed, stone by stone, for the purpose of re-erection. In taking it down it was discovered that the lower part of the stonework which filled in the arch was made out of a stone coffin. The bottom of the coffin was placed externally, and the hollow part was blocked with little stones built in herring-bone fashion. The stone staircase of the rood-loft was also found on the north side of the chancel arch, but this, it is much to be regretted, has not been retained in the new building. The chancel has yet to undergo the process known as restoration. More than half the south wall is herring-bone work, probably of the Norman time. We understand that it is proposed to destroy this interesting relic. Such a proceeding would be a sad act of vandalism, which we hope those in authority will do their best to hinder. The wall is in good condition, though slightly out of the perpendicular. A stout buttress is all that is needed. In removing the old pews with which the nave was encumbered, a ledge of oak was found, which may probably have been the top bar of a bench; on it is carved, in clearly cut letters, the following not very intelligible inscription:—

ET. ET. ET. CVM. ESSET. ANNORVM. FERME. QVATVOR. DECIM. EX. DONO. VITRICI. SVI. ANNO. VLTIMAE. PATENTIAE. SANCTORVM. 1608.

IN Crosthwaite Church there is an early sixteenth century altar-tomb to the memory of a Sir John Raldy and his wife Alice, and beneath it are two effigies which are described in Black's *Picturesque Guide to the English Lakes*, 1874, p. 103, as "two recumbent figures in plaster of Paris, which have been placed there in memory of some members of the Derwentwater family of a former period." The figures bear no inscriptions, but are of an earlier character than the tomb by which they are now canopied. Ornamental work in plaster, though not entirely unknown in England in the middle ages, must have been very uncommon. We doubt very much whether a single recumbent effigy in that material exists. Those at Crosthwaite are assuredly not examples thereof, but of a much commoner and more beautiful material, namely, English alabaster.

THE little church of Leinthall Starkes, Herefordshire, is about to undergo a careful and judicious restoration. The style is chiefly Norman, of very simple character, and there is good reason to suppose that the existing bell gable turret formed part of the original design. The interior has some good features, which will be preserved—an open timber roof of considerable beauty, and the remains of a chancel screen. Traces of painting are to be seen not only upon the plaster, but also upon the stone beneath. The

parish gave its name to the family of Lenthall, two members of which attained some eminence: Sir Rowland Lenthall, one of the most distinguished warriors at Agincourt, who brought into the field a retinue of eight lancers and thirty-three archers; and William Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament, and one of Cromwell's peers.

AN important discovery is reported from Iona as having taken place in consequence of the quarries of freestone at Carsaig, Ross of Mull, having been re-opened for the purpose of repairing the Iona ruins. While working in these quarries, from which the beautiful cornices and arches of the ruined buildings were originally extracted, some of the workmen discovered in Habb-nan-Calleach, or Nun's Cave, drawings of many of the ancient island crosses, with their dates. The cave is about eighty feet long, and well adapted for accommodating a large number of artisans in those savage times. It is supposed that this workshop of nature formed the office in which all orders were taken, and on the walls of which they were sketched. It has always, adds the *North British Mail*, which announces this discovery, been a matter of conjecture from whence these ancient monuments and tombstones came; there is now, of course, no longer any doubt on the point, and it is said that in a very short time material could be had here to adorn Icolmkill as in the days of old.

THE restoration of Jedburgh Abbey, a task undertaken by the Marquess of Lothian, will be a subject of great interest to connoisseurs in church architecture. The process is now about to be carried on in good earnest, the erection of a new parish church having rendered the occupation of the nave for public worship unnecessary, while the completion of a new manse will shortly entitle the Marquess to clear away the house which at present occupies the abbey cloister. An exact reproduction of the unique doorway, a highly-decorated piece of late Norman work, leading from the cloister to the south aisle of the nave, is already completed, and will, no doubt, find a fitting place in this part of the restored building. Meantime a complete scheme for the immediate preservation of the ancient walls from damp has been devised, and it is proposed immediately to begin clearing away the wall by which five of the nine bays forming the nave had been partitioned off to make a parish church, as also the roof which, built on a level with the sill of the clerestory, covered in this sorry specimen of an architectural makeshift.

At the meeting, held on June 27 at Bonn, of the Archaeological Association of the Lower Rhine District, Professor aus'm Wearth gave a report of the results of the excavations which have been carried on during the present year with a view of solving the question propounded by the Society as to the direction of the Roman roads in the Rhineland. The work of exploration was begun on the line of the Roman road which led from Alsace to Cologne; and the undertaking has already been so far successful that, at a spot known as Enskirchen, the foundations of an entire town, laid out with perfect regularity, have been brought to light. The main road, more than forty feet in width, which traversed the town through its whole length, has been clearly traced, together with the lines of houses and buildings of various kinds which appear to have bordered it on either side, as may be seen at Pompeii; and here, as in the Campanian city, narrower streets intersected the principal thoroughfare and divided the city into distinct quarters.

THE *Builder* of last Saturday (July 3) contains a very interesting bird's-eye view of London, drawn in accordance with Sir Christopher Wren's scheme for the rebuilding of the city after the fire. We are all familiar with the original plan, but this architectural projection gives us a better notion of what London would have been had the great architect been allowed his own way. Wren

proposed to build main thoroughfares north and south, and east and west; to insulate all the churches in conspicuous positions; to form the most public places into large piazzas; to unite the halls of the twelve chief companies into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; and, to make a fine quay on the bank of the river from Blackfriars to the Tower. His streets were to be of three magnitudes—90 feet, 60 feet, and 30 feet wide respectively. The whole area of the city was to be levelled, and blind alleys, inferior buildings, graveyards and noxious trades were to be excluded. "The Exchange was to stand free in the middle of a piazza, and to be as it were the centre of the town, whence the 60-feet streets as so many rays should proceed to all the principal parts of the city, the buildings to be contrived after the form of the Roman Forum with double porticoes." St. Paul's was to stand like the narrow end of a wedge formed by the two straight streets from Ludgate to Aldgate and Tower Hill respectively, and many streets were to radiate from London Bridge. The chief advantages of the plan were the opening up of these noble avenues, the purification of the Fleet river, and the embankment of the Thames. It is generally supposed that nothing was done in furtherance of this plan, but from passages in Pepys' *Diary* it appears that some progress was made with it, until in the end the whole scheme was upset by the perverseness of the citizens. On one occasion Pepys was told by Mr. May that the design of building the city went on apace, and "by his description it will be mighty fine;" and some time afterwards he wrote, "The great streets in the city are marked out with piles drove into the ground, and if ever it be built in that form with so fair streets it will be a noble sight." The author of the *Parentalia* writes: "The practicability of this scheme without loss to any man or infringement of any property was at that time demonstrated, and all material objections fully weighed and answered." It is usual to condemn the citizens and to regret the non-adoption of Wren's plan; but something may be urged on the other side. In the first place, although in Charles the Second's reign London had largely overrun its ancient limits, and showed some signs of its present vastness, yet the old walls were retained by Wren, and the rebuilding was only considered with respect to the City itself. No preparation was made for more bridges, and the quays from Blackfriars to the Tower would have afforded but little facility for the growth of that commerce which has made London the port of the world. It is therefore open to question whether a city laid out on this uniform plan, with little provision for any but the rich, would have grown, without some modification, into the London of to-day. It is a remarkable fact that within a few days of the Great Fire three several plans were presented to the King for the rebuilding of the City—one by Wren, another by Evelyn, and a third by Robert Hooke. Evelyn in a letter to Sir Samuel Tuke writes: "Dr. Wren got the start of me," but "both of us did coincide so frequently that his Majesty was not displeased." His plan included several piazzas of various shapes, one of which formed an oval with St. Paul's in the centre. It differed from Wren's chiefly in proposing a street from the church of St. Dunstan's in the East to the Cathedral, and in having no quay or terrace along the river. He wished, however, to employ the rubbish he obtained by levelling the streets for filling up the shore of the Thames to low watermark so as to keep the basin always full. He wished also to place the new building for the Exchange at Queenhithe, instead of retaining it in its old position, as was proposed by Wren. Although none of the plans were carried out, Wren and Hooke were both employed in arranging for the rebuilding of the City on the old lines.

THE Société de l'Histoire de l'Art Français has published in its last volume of *Nouvelles Archives* an important and hitherto unknown series of

documents relating to the painter Louis David, which throw much light on his life and career. Among other letters is one from the redoubtable Sylvain Maréchal of the Mountain, demanding satisfaction for having had the injurious epithet of "aristocrat" applied to him by David. The letter is so characteristic that we give it in full. It was found in David's house by the commission charged with making inventories of the papers of Robespierre and his partisans, and must therefore have been written before the 9th Thermidor:—

"A David, cy devant peintre du Roi, aujourd'hui Représentant du Peuple.—Je croyais qu'il n'y avait point de calomniateur sur la Montagne. Hier 20 avril à neuf heures du soir, tu m'as injurié publiquement en pleine Convention. Tu m'as appelé ARISTOCRAT. On t'a mal informé. Sais-tu ce que c'est qu'un aristocrate? C'est par exemple un artiste (eût-il peint les Horaces, Brutus, Socrate) qui a mis jadis son talent aux gages d'un roi. Comme toi je n'ai jamais été d'une académie protégée par un roi; comme moi tu n'as jamais été honoré de la haine des rois, des ministres, des parlements et des prêtres. J'étais patriote avant toi. Plus que toi je suis républicain, car je le suis avec connaissance de cause. Tu me dois une réparation; je te la demande; je l'attends. Signé: SYLVAIN MARÉCHAL, de la Bibliothèque Mazarine."

THE May-June number of the *Tidskrift for Bildande Konst och Konstindustri*—the Scandinavian *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*—a very good fine-art periodical edited by five professors from the five universities of Upsala, Lund, Christiania, Helsingfors, and Copenhagen, contains two etchings by Leopold Lowenstam from pictures of Hobbema and Ruysdael, the second exceedingly clever in its characterisation of sudden lights on a landscape under a windy, cloudy sky. The other illustration is from a drawing by Count G. von Rosen, the young Swedish painter who has suddenly taken a foremost rank among the artists of the North. This design, full of a sad poetic momentousness, represents a young painter who falls asleep before his easel, worn out in the vain endeavour to represent his ideal. Behind him Death stands grimly satisfied, watching the last sands hurry down the hour-glass. The character of the design recalls Holbein and Rethel, but the figure of the young man has a realistic originality that is at the same time beautiful and startling. We learn that a portrait of the King of Sweden by Count von Rosen is by far the best work in this year's Exhibition at Stockholm, and there seems reason to hope that Sweden has at last found in him a painter of a really high class. To return to the *Tidskrift*, Dr. Scholander sketches the condition of art throughout Europe in 1874, and is rather scornful of us English for raving about Miss Thompson. Herr L. B. Stenessen discusses the question about the origin and destination of the Venus of Milo with acumen and learning; and there is an obituary paper on Ludvig Ruben, President of the Swedish Academy of Arts, and a prominent engraver, who died on March 31 last at the age of fifty-seven. This magazine is conducted with great taste and spirit, and we heartily wish its five editors all success.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Royal Danish Academy is now open at Charlottenberg. The Danish painter Carl Bloch has made a great sensation by a striking picture representing Christ driving the money-changers out of the Temple.

A COLOSSAL piece of sculpture representing the Crucifixion is to be set up this autumn in the village of Oberammergau. The sculpture has been executed by Professor Halbig, of Munich, as a commission from his Majesty the King of Bavaria, and is said to be a grand and impressive work. A difficulty has arisen as to its transport from Munich to Oberammergau, for its mass is so great (it weighs 25,000 kilogrammes) that ordinary means are insufficient for its safe conveyance.

THE STAGE.

IRVING IN "RICHELIEU."

It was suitable that on the occasion of his benefits at the Lyceum, on Friday and Saturday in last week, Mr. Irving should return to that character of Richelieu in which alone before the recent two hundred appearances in *Hamlet* he had challenged comparison with brother actors of repute, and caused the older playgoers among us to test their present impressions of his power by the light of their earlier memories. For Mr. Irving was probably less satisfied—at all events the public was—with his previous performances in *Richelieu* than with any of his performances in parts which he has himself created. In *Richelieu*, of old, he had been most unequal, and if his representation of the Cardinal was the first to absolutely prove the actor's mental grasp of character, it was also conspicuous in proving either the lack or the mistaken use of physical means. Mr. Irving's *Richelieu* in 1873 was, to begin with, admirably conceived, and it was full of fine moments and subtle touches. But it was marred not only by mannerism peculiar to Mr. Irving, but by two or three exhibitions which, failing to be sublime, touched the ridiculous. There were instants when the great Cardinal raved like an angry washer-wife. He may, in literal truth, in life, have done so; but on the stage we have not to do with literal truth so much as with artistic likelihood. In all art there is one thing more important than literal truth—harmony.

Well, then, in 1875, Mr. Irving's *Richelieu* is changed and bettered. We will not say that he never raves excessively, but he raves less. He brings the representation into accordance with his physical means, and it gains in dignity. In the earlier performances people justly admired the splendid excitement which stirred the aged figure sending François forth from the Cabinet: the unbridled eagerness: the appeal to the young man—half a threat, and half a wiser and more genial encouragement. And these we may admire still, and add to them a new interest in scenes in which the actor was of old deficient, through very excess of effort—the scene for instance in which the Cardinal throws round Julie the protecting circle of the Church.

But I think it is in the first act of *Richelieu* that Mr. Irving is most likely to satisfy even those few who for the most part are strangely blind to his power. The act, though quite a marvel of dramatic construction—going far to make the piece what its strongest admirers say it is, "the best acting play of the generation"—does not afford the actor a single opportunity for very sudden and effective change: bursts of power for which a performance is remembered. But it does afford opportunity for subtle change—and that constantly: nay, it does not "afford opportunity": it demands this change as a condition of success. And it is because Mr. Irving is equal to the full to the claims of the demand, that we reckon his performance in this act one of the finest efforts and achievements on the contemporary stage—English or French. It is entirely sustained. An actor of less varied power, an actor of more limited range, must somewhere have broken down: somewhere or other been inadequate: somewhere or other have at least so far failed that your imagination went beyond the thing done, and that you saw possibilities in the text beyond his accomplishment. But with Mr. Irving, in this act, it is not so. His own performance, in expression, gesture, tone, by-play, is always well abreast with your imagination, even when dramatist and actor cause this to be most vivid.

I said, this act is a marvel of dramatic construction. Follow it a little, and you will see that, together with the varied power of the actor, who can adequately represent it. It deals with Richelieu chiefly in intimate life, touching only so far upon affairs of State as may serve to prepare the way for that central dramatic action which is

to follow; the story of De Mauprat's schemes being admirably woven into that of his love for the Cardinal's ward. And so before you see, in acts which are to follow, the outward life of Richelieu as his actions affect France, you are to see here something of his inner life, and are to know what secret springs move the greater machinery. And of all this complex inner life Mr. Irving has made himself the master: the strange mingling of aims and desires: the care for his ward, diluted into mere good nature towards her lover: the stronger care for France: the strongest, perhaps, for himself: the uneasy life, now with an enemy who may threaten death at a moment—always though with an armed soldier, during such interview, behind the screen—now with a girl who is the enemy's lover; now pardoning, now commanding, now looking at moments cynical, at moments half envious, upon young loves with which he has for ever done; now turning to that truest life of his, the whim of his age—the verses which his confidant deems execrable, but which are sweet to him because they alone are not the necessary task-work to keep what ambition has already won, but the first steps in a new ambition safe perhaps from the chances of material things. And so it is a picture of many sides of Richelieu's life, in his old age, which Lord Lytton outlines and Mr. Irving fills up; and it is the actor's admirable work upon the lines laid down by the dramatist that interests you entirely in the character, makes you sympathise with his fortunes, good or bad—prepares you in fact to follow, with mind attuned, the central action of the piece.

If the artists acting with Mr. Irving could get a little of the naturalness and seeming intense reality of his play, the representation—should it be repeated—would undoubtedly gain. Confining oneself to those who play in the first act, one might remind the representative of Marion de Lorme that in life when a woman hears words she is not meant to hear, she avoids such exaggerated gestures of listening as would make it very evident that she had heard and was still hearing. She listens naturally: not theatrically, in fine; and if anything reflects the importance of the disclosure, it is her face, and not her arms. One might remind the representative of De Mauprat that, though that hero is reported in the drama to have gone to what he thought was death with some manliness, he probably did not go with much of jaunty alacrity. And even the graceful and intelligent representative of Julie might be besought to avoid certain attitudes of imploring which are more novel than natural. Miss Bateman loses herself in strong scenes when those scenes have to be passionate as well as pathetic. At the end of *Charles the First*, she found accents and an intonation that moved the audience legitimately. She is at her best, because least strained, throughout the whole of *Philip*. But in *Richelieu* her emotional passages are wanting in truth: her passion not passion itself artfully simulated, but a mere stage symbol of it, to be accepted by you as the symbol and not the thing.

A word of postscript may touch briefly on a morning performance given last Monday in a studio in Sloane Street, excellently arranged for the purpose, and filled, as one had occasion to notice, with judges more carefully appreciative than those whose critical remarks one is privileged to hear in the stalls of some of our theatres. As a guinea was the price marked on one's ticket, as the little house held no pit—the right place generally for the fresh air of criticism—one went expecting perhaps not very much. A quickly organised company of foreign artists had assembled to give us of their best. One of them made abundant music:—

"Over this sample would Corelli croon,
Grieving, by minors, like the cushat-dove,
Most dulcet Giga, dreamiest Saraband."

Others sang and excellently, but it was the dramatic portion of the programme that had perhaps the greatest interest, and this because it in-

cluded one of those charming scenes for two persons, so common on the French stage, so rare on our own—scenes which tax to the utmost an actor's art. The little comedy is called *Au Pied du Mur*—it is by M. de Najac—and relates how a wise young man coming to one rendezvous, was minded to stay for another, and that not with the person sought in the first place. A story slight but ingenious—easy to spoil in the telling: easy too to spoil in the acting; but on this occasion charmingly played. M. Bilhaut—whom some readers will remember on the French stage, in public, here, and others will remember as an efficient assistant of Mdlle. Delaporte—was excellently fitted, by ease and quiet humour, for the inconstant Tristan of the comedy; while as Gabrielle, the school girl, Mdlle. Camille made the most of her opportunities of showing some admirable gifts for the theatre. Long since, as Fanfan Benoiton, in the famous comedy, a child found herself famous, at seven years old. That is not generally a benefit; but taking anew to the stage, Mdlle. Camille has the advantage of a very rare union of freshness and freedom. She grasps the whole meaning of her part with thorough comprehension. She delivers common talk with amazing naturalness, and as the scene rises she rises with it in remarkable vivacity and vigour.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE speeches at the dinner of the Theatrical Fund on Thursday in last week were all of them to the purpose, and if none were actually brilliant, all were interesting. Mr. Buckstone vouchsafed much information, and Mr. Irving, pleading for the cause which had brought them together, uttered a good-humoured apology for the frequent impecuniosity of the actor, whose ideal life with dukes and kings and spirits of the air was not conducive to the practical virtues of "the third class underground"—nay, indeed, led him sometimes to think little about money. Of course anyone very seriously disposed might have joined issue with Mr. Irving, and elected to show the economy of actors and the entire regularity of life induced in part by the absorbing nature of the work, and in part by the mere mechanical influence of engagements to be filled daily at certain hours without fail. But no one did so, and Mr. Irving was doubtless quite right in showing for once—and in the cause of charity—the other side of the shield, and in claiming for actors special temptations, instead of transcendent virtues.

SATURDAY was the Dramatic Fête at the Alexandra Palace. For some years the fête has been discontinued, but its resumption at the new meeting place in the northern suburb, whether wise or not, was popular; and on Saturday the profession lent its aid, from Signor Salvini with a recitation, to the young women with nothing in particular. Many favourite comedians gave in the theatre of the Alexandra Palace selections from modern comedies and comic pieces, and these were well attended; while outside, a larger amount of social freedom was observed to reign.

MR. IRVING was to read, for charity, on Thursday, at Grosvenor House, and yesterday at Dover. He will read at the Crystal Palace one day next week.

ASPIRING tragedians of both sexes are not deterred by midsummer from laborious efforts. Indeed they appear to be encouraged. A young tragic actor at the Alexandra Theatre, Park Street, Regent's Park, is endeavouring to arouse Camden Town to a sense of the beauties of *Othello*; while Miss Lottie Wilmot, at the Globe, in Newcastle Street, is seeking to make central Londoners yet more familiar with the sorrows of Lord Lytton's Pauline. In neither case is the effort of sufficient importance to call for detailed criticism.

THE Court Theatre closes its doors at the end of the month, Mr. Hare's company going into the

provinces and taking with them the successful play, *A Nine Days' Wonder*. They will first appear at Manchester and Liverpool, and on their return to town, when autumn is well set in, they will reappear in *A Nine Days' Wonder* on the boards where it was produced a month ago.

SIGNOR SALVINI's benefit was arranged to take place last night, at Drury Lane.

A DRAMATIC and musical entertainment for the benefit of the sufferers by the Toulouse inundations was arranged to take place at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday afternoon, too late for notice in our present impression. The programme included the comedietta, *L'Autre Motif*, in which Mdlle. Delaporte was to play the principal character—that created in Paris by Mdlle. Arnould-Plessy; a concert in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson and Mdlle. Trebelli were to sing; the second act of *Madame Angot*, and a recitation of verses, *Paris—Toulouse*, just written for a like occasion at the Théâtre Français by M. Henri de Bornier, the author of *La Fille de Roland*.

M. MARIO WIDMER has arrived in England, and now gives every night at the Criterion Theatre the additional attraction of his presence in *La Fille de Madame Angot*.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is at work on a new comedy for the Théâtre Français, which having had so decided a success with his *Demi-Monde*, is now about to introduce into its repertory *La Dame aux Camélias*. Of the comedy on which the author of the *Demi-Monde* is now engaged, a well-informed correspondent writes in *Le Temps*—

"C'est une espèce de contrepartie de ce même *Demi-Monde*, dont Alexandre Dumas roule le projet depuis trois ou quatre ans dans sa tête. Il veut peindre le travail souterrain des femmes de cette sorte dans notre société moderne, les montrer tenant les fils de la politique, de la Bourse, se répandant par mille infiltrations secrètes dans la vie bourgeoise contemporaine. Voilà qui est curieux, et le type de femme que Dumas a rêvé de mettre à la scène est fort connu: il n'est pas un Parisien qui ne puisse lui donner un nom."

MM. HIPPOLYTE RAYMOND AND JULES GUILLEMOT have just read to the company at the Gymnase a three-act comedy to be called *Le Million de Monsieur Pomard*. The cast does not promise to be a strong one.

MDLLE. JUDIC is going to recite to-morrow, at the Paris Vaudeville, a scene in verse written for her by M. Albert Delpit, the author of *Jean-nu-pieds*—a drama long in preparation at the same theatre, but whose production is delayed by the unexpected success of the funny trifle called *Le Procès Vauradieu*.

Oublier le Monde is the title of a bouffonnerie produced very recently at the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques. It is an old-fashioned trifle, of the manufacture of which the Folies Dramatiques is asserted to have possessed the secret from time immemorial.

THE Palais Royal's last piece—*Ici, Médor*!—is not likely to rival Meilhac and Halévy's *Boule* in popular success, nor does it appear to deserve to do so. The subject is not new, and the treatment not very bright.

M. SARCEY is this week prodigal of counsels to Mdlle. Bernhardt as to certain changes which are desirable in that performance of *Phèdre*, which, on the whole, M. Sarcey reckons as the actress's greatest achievement, but in which she is too constantly pursued by the desire to outdo Rachel in effects which were Rachel's own. For the expression of terrible energy and passion, Rachel, albeit frail in appearance, had physical means lacking to Mdlle. Bernhardt, and if at such and such a scene she could excite the audience beyond bounds, it does not at all follow that, to be successful in the character, the younger artist must do the same. "It is more than probable," writes

M. Sarcey, "that Rachel never said the charming line—

"Tous les jours se levaient clairs et sereins pour eux"—

with that incomparable grace of poetic melancholy given to it by Mdlle. Bernhardt. Why then will Mdlle. Bernhardt insist on giving the famous exclamation 'Misérable!' with the terrible power of intonation that word had when it was Rachel who said it?" And M. Sarcey persists in these suggestions because old amateurs declare that the younger actress is able in the earlier acts to efface the memory of Rachel; and he will not believe she will continue to spoil the effect of her work by a mistaken treatment of the later acts.

MUSIC.

FRENCH OPERAS—GAIETY THEATRE.

AT the risk of appearing always to dwell upon the same subject, it is really no more than a simple act of justice to return week by week to the French operatic performances at the Gaiety of which we have already repeatedly spoken; because no such highly finished renderings of the best works of the French school have been heard for many years in London. Taking them one by one, no doubt many finer singers have been heard than the larger number of the troupe; there are not more than four or five at most whom one would consider vocalists of the first rank; but, on the other hand, there is not one who cannot sing his or her part at least correctly, if with no great voice, and without a single exception they act charmingly, while the *ensemble* is simply perfection. The result is that these operas are a far greater musical treat than those too frequently seen in which one or two bright particular stars appear, and all the rest of the company are thrown into the background. Of all the works as yet produced at the Gaiety there has been none in which the company has appeared to greater advantage than in *Fra Diavolo*, performed for the first time on Thursday week, and repeated on various occasions since. Both music and plot of this masterpiece of comic opera are too well known to need comment here; it only remains to speak of its interpretation. The part of Fra Diavolo was sustained by M. Tournié, who both in singing and acting left nothing to desire except a little less of the *vibrato* which seems inseparable from the French style of singing. There is hardly a member of this company who is not afflicted with it to a greater or less extent; and the only thing to do is to accept the inevitable. With this reservation we have nothing but praise for M. Tournié, who in his chief solos (the Barcarolle in the second act, and the great air which opens the third act) sang very finely, while his acting throughout was masterly. As Lorenzo M. Barbet proved himself a most useful second tenor, his only important solo "Pour toujours, disait elle" being extremely well given. M. Boréa, a most admirable comedian, made great fun out of the part of the English nobleman Lord Kockbourg (a most un-English looking name, by the way), while his wife was capably played by Mdlle. de Vaure, who, though no great singer, is an excellent actress. M. Joimnise, one of the most finished actors of the company, was the innkeeper Matheo, and the two brigands, Giacomo and Beppo, were represented by MM. Sujol and Preys. It would be easy to write a column on the impersonation of these two gentlemen, who showed how genuine artists can make much out of small parts. Their make-up was most admirable; two more irreclaimable-looking scoundrels have probably never been seen on the stage. The contrast, too, of their acting, the one as a bully and the other as a sneak, was well sustained; while in the third act, in which they get drunk and betray themselves, their caricature of Zarlina's gestures before the looking-glass in the second

act was so irresistibly droll that on the night we were there the audience insisted on an encore. In the last finale too, the acting of M. Preys was inimitable; the ludicrous mixture of the most craven terror with superstition, when Beppo falls on his knees in prayer to his patron saint, could not have been surpassed. We have left till the last the Zerlina of Mdle. Mary Albert, as being one of the most important features in the performance. This very clever young lady has perhaps hardly been seen to such advantage in any other part. Her singing was capital, though her voice has not the rich and mellow quality of Mdme. Naddi's, being rather metallic and incisive; and her acting from first to last was perfect. If one part can be mentioned as especially good where all was so excellent, it must be the bedroom scene in the second act, where she admires herself before the glass and sings—

"Où, voilà pour une servante
Une taille qui n'est pas mal"—

which was given with a point and a coquetry which were admirable. The choruses and the whole *mise en scène* were most satisfactory, and the charming orchestral accompaniments were played with the utmost finish.

On Tuesday last Victor Massé's *Galathée* was given. This opera is founded on the well-known classical story of Pygmalion and Galatea. As a general rule mythological subjects do not appeal much to the hearer; and though the libretto of M. Massé's work, which is by MM. Barbier and Carré, is far from being a bad one, the choice can scarcely be called happy. As a whole the music is hardly equal to the same composer's *Noces de Jeannette*; but some of the numbers, especially the trio and quartette in the second act, are charming; the performance was marked by that general finish which seems always to characterise the French company. Mdme. Naddi was excellent as Galathée, especially in the scenes where the statue on coming to life first makes violent love to her owner's handsome young man-servant, and then takes decidedly more wine than is good for her, and misbehaves herself generally, till Pygmalion earnestly prays Venus to restore her to her former state. The parts of Pygmalion, Ganymède, and Mydas were very efficiently sustained by Messrs. Martin, Barbet, and Boré, and the work was announced for repetition last night. This evening Adam's *Postillon de Longjumeau* is announced, the principal part in which is to be taken by M. Tournié, and we understand that next week will be the last of the present series of performances. All lovers of good music who have not yet done so should take the opportunity of seeing this company before it leaves London; to those who have already done so no recommendation on our part will be needful.

EBENEZER PROUT.

THE eighth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society for the present season took place at St. James's Hall last Monday evening. The most important feature was the reappearance in London of Herr Wieniawski, who seems to have returned to us playing as finely as during his former visit. With the exception of a short "Idyll," composed for the Society by Professor Macfarren in memory of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, and which, as a *pièce d'occasion*, calls for no special notice, the programme consisted of well-known works, the symphonies being Haydn in E flat (No. 10 of the "Salomon set") and Beethoven in C minor, and the concert concluding, according to the custom of the Society, with Weber's "Jubilee" overture. The series of concerts now completed has been on the whole worthy of the Philharmonic reputation, and the directors in their choice of music have shown much judgment, especially in the production of Raff's "Im Walde" symphony, which was noticed at the time in these columns. The con-

certs, however, have too frequently suffered from undue length.

THE third series of the National Music Meetings, which during the past week has taken place at the Crystal Palace, requires no detailed mention, simply because its artistic results seem to be comparatively so small. Excepting between the solo singers there has been but little brisk competition, and some of the more important classes were not represented at all. Moreover, although the average solo-singing of the various candidates was certainly superior to that of previous years, the experience of past meetings is not such as to justify any very sanguine anticipations as to the present one. On looking through the list of prize-winners in 1872 and 1873, we find some who have taken a creditable position in the profession, but none who have achieved really high distinction, while others have not been heard of since. The probable explanation of this seems to be that the best class of young artists would decline to compete at all. It is at least certain that a singer of sufficient ability will sooner or later make a position without such adventitious aid; while it has been clearly shown that the mere fact of gaining a prize at these meetings is not by itself enough to establish the reputation of a young artist. As the meetings are still in progress at the time of our going to press, we shall postpone to next week the list of prize-winners. The few remarks we have made will sufficiently explain our reason for not entering into fuller details.

As furnishing a practical illustration of the opinions expressed in the above paragraph, we have to record the *début* of a very promising young singer, Mr. Barton McGuckin, at the Crystal Palace on Monday last. This event took place, not at the National Music Meetings, but at a Ballad Concert given on the occasion of an "American Fête." Mr. McGuckin is, we understand, a member of the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and is the possessor of a tenor voice of very pleasing quality and considerable power. In the songs "In native worth" (*Creation*), and "There is a flower that bloometh" (*Maritana*), he showed good training and considerable taste and feeling. He can hardly, nevertheless, be at present considered a finished artist, his pronunciation being not always faultless; but he has such good natural powers that if he would put himself for a short time under first-rate training he would probably take a good position among our tenor singers.

THE competition for the Prix de Rome at the Paris Conservatoire took place on the 2nd and 3rd inst. There were six candidates, and the first prize was awarded to M. Wormser, a pupil of M. Bazin. No second prize was given, but M. Dutacq, a pupil of M. Reber, obtained honourable mention.

A LARGE number of performances, both theatrical and musical, have been given in Paris for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent inundations. This afternoon the French Company at the Gaiety Theatre will give a grand performance for the same object.

THE *Revue et Gazette Musicale* contradicts the news which recently appeared in several papers to the effect that the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire has obtained certain manuscripts and unknown works by Auber, and intends to perform them. The *Revue* says that the statement is entirely without foundation.

SPONTINI's most famous and best opera, *La Vestale*, has been lately revived with success at Brunswick.

HERR JAUNER, the theatrical director at Vienna, contemplates performing Sophocles' *Antigone* and *Oedipus at Colonus*, with Mendelssohn's music. In order to approximate as nearly as possible to the method of the ancients, the chorus will be

placed in the orchestra, and the stage will be semi-circular.

A BIOGRAPHY of the author of the *Dame Blanche* by M. H. de Thannberg is published by Haulard under the title of *Le Centenaire de Boieldieu*. M. de Thannberg is an ardent eulogist of this composer, whom, by the way, he salutes by the novel title of *Gluckiste*, and gives much interesting information regarding him. The following anecdote is worth quoting: Boieldieu had during his sojourn in Russia composed choruses for *Athalie*. "These choruses," says his biographer, "produced such an effect and contained such great beauties that a celebrated French tragic actress, Mdle. Georges, then performing in Russia, ceased to play the principal part, and would never take it up again because the music had too large a share of the applause. It was not until after the death of Boieldieu, in 1838, that at an extraordinary representation of Racine's masterpiece, given at the Théâtre Français, these choruses became known to the Parisian public."

POSTSCRIPT.

At the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society on Wednesday last Mr. Worthington Smith announced the discovery of the resting spore and antheridium of the potato fungus—a discovery which will, it is hoped, prove of the first importance with reference to the history of this pest.

THE *Geographical Magazine* for July gives its readers an abstract of Captain Napier's account of his recent travels in Northern Persia. A "Turkish Account of Yemen" deserves notice for the fact stated therein that the Porte has calmly included Aden in an official list of the Turkish possessions in Western Arabia! Two maps of a portion of Mongolia and of the East Coast of Africa, including Zanzibar, noticeable for their careful compilation and tasteful colouring, serve to lend attractiveness to a number which we are glad to see appears to be still pervaded by the spirit of its editor, absent though he be in less genial latitudes.

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